

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXVI. No. 1702.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1961

15c



Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin

'Robin', by Augustus John, O.M., who died last week. An appreciation of the artist by Alan Clutton-Brock appears on page 778

The Secret of U Thant
By Alistair Cooke

Totalitarian Approaches to Diplomacy
By Sir William Hayter

The Moral Doubts of Kant
By L. M. Loring

Richard Oastler: Factory King
By Asa Briggs

Has the Earth Three Moons?
By Patrick Moore

The Critic as Connoisseur
By A. E. Dyson

This weekend in
THE SUNDAY TIMES

Britain's Backward Hospitals

Doctors' Battle in the Slums of Medicine

Britain today is a welfare state with one of the highest living-standards in the world. But many of our hospital buildings are the *worst* in the world. Two-thirds of them were built before the Boer War and in 1961 still present a picture of the squalor and bleak charity of the Victorian workhouse. Understaffed, overcrowded, many of them lacking even the basic amenities for the care and comfort of the sick, they have been described by bitter medical men as the "Cinderella of the social services".

SUSAN COOPER recently inspected inadequate and makeshift hospital buildings throughout Britain, where doctors and nurses struggle to maintain the highest standards of medicine in the world. She found nurses resigned to the ineradicable dirt of archaic wards; doctors bitterly angry at conditions which lead to growing waiting-lists and dwindling staffs; hospital administrators highly critical of the complexities of Government planning.

All very different from "Emergency Ward Ten". But unhappily, Susan Cooper's report is more representative of many hospitals than is the television image. The first article in this startling survey of Britain's shamefully sub-standard hospitals appears exclusively in THE SUNDAY TIMES — THIS SUNDAY.

BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Challenge of a World without War*

"One grave psychological obstacle" to establishing a World Government—an authority governing *all* nations—would be the absence of "an outside enemy to fear", says BERTRAND RUSSELL. For it is this fear which unites the people of single races and nations. A world without it might lack social cohesion and be difficult to govern. This weekend in THE SUNDAY TIMES this man of massive intellect and controversial opinions expounds his theories on World Government—which he sees as mankind's only chance of survival in the nuclear age.

Aeschylus, 1961

HAROLD HOBSON, THE SUNDAY TIMES dramatic critic, writes about a historic event in the theatrical world—the revival in London after 56 years of a work first staged about 2,500 years ago. It is the Old Vic presentation of the ORESTEIAN trilogy of AESCHYLUS, one of the fathers of Greek drama and a founder of drama as we know it today. This production of the trilogy in a single performance is a great occasion for lovers of the classical theatre; Hobson's verdict on it will appear this Sunday.



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The Listener

Vol. LXVI. No. 1702

Thursday November 9 1961

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CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:

The Secret of U Thant (Alistair Cooke)	751
Yugoslavia and the Soviet World (Karl Lavrenic)	753
Totalitarian Approaches to Diplomacy (Sir William Hayter)	754

THE LISTENER:

Portrait Painting	756
What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes)	756

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Visit to a Long House (Anthony Lawrence)	757
Missing Money (Thomas Cadett)	757
Free Trip to Cuvu (Richard Hope)	758
Books and Broadcasting (Ronald Allison)	758

PHILOSOPHY:

The Moral Doubts of Kant (L. M. Loring)	759
-----------------------------------------	-----

BIOGRAPHY:

Richard Oastler: Factory King (Asa Briggs)	761
--------------------------------------------	-----

LITERATURE:

The Critic as Connoisseur (A. E. Dyson)	763
Book reviews (William Plomer, G. S. Kirk, Michael Futrell, Lord Birkett, W. J. H. Sprott, Cyril Falls, Maurice Cranston, and Sir Goronwy Edwards)	779
New Novels (John Fuller)	783

POEMS:

Return to Chanctonbury (Christopher Hampton)	764
On Walking Slowly (Stevie Smith)	778

SCIENCE:

Has the Earth Three Moons? (Patrick Moore)	765
Large-scale Electronics (John Sykes)	767

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

770

HISTORY:

The Making of Works of History (Arnold Toynbee)	773
-------------------------------------------------	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From J. Gwyn Griffiths, Sir H. Idris Bell, Aziz Mohamed, M. J. Carritt, the Duke of Wellington, Christopher R. Jennings, K. G. Ridgewell, Allard H. Johnson, and Frederick G. Richford	775
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

ART:

Round the London Galleries (Keith Sutton)	777
Augustus John, O.M.: 1878-1961 (Alan Clutton-Brock)	778

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Arthur Calder-Marshall)	784
Television Drama (Frederick Laws)	785
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	785
The Spoken Word (Michael Swan)	786
Music (Edward Lockspeiser)	786

MUSIC:

Strauss, Stravinsky, and Mozart (Deryck Cooke)	789
------------------------------------------------	-----

BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese)

790

IN THE KITCHEN

791

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

791

CROSSWORD NO. 1,641

791

The Secret of U Thant

By ALISTAIR COOKE

ON November 3 the great auditorium of the General Assembly of the United Nations saw a ceremony that has not taken place since 1953. It was a much shorter ceremony then, because there were only half as many people to take part in it. One by one, that Friday afternoon, the chief delegates of 103 countries trooped up to the rostrum and slipped a folded paper into a box. It took nine minutes to count these secret ballots. The result was: for the post of Acting Secretary-General—U Thant: for—103; abstentions—none; against—none.

I am not sure that all the members of the Assembly have ever been present and voting on any issue whatsoever. There is one country which shall most certainly be nameless, whose chief delegate is his country's consul in another land. He is also a business man in his native country. He juggles these three posts with considerable adroitness; but he is not always agile enough to be able to stamp some visitor's passport in his own country, or make a deal in another country, and fly 1,000 miles or more to New York all in one day. This diplomatic life on the hop has given this man a special, if secret, title, as splendid in its way as that of my favourite African, His Beatitude the Abuna of Abyssinia. This delegate is known to some of the Secretariat as 'His Absence, the Delegate of ——' (never mind).

The aficionados of U.N. festivals were astonished and delighted on Friday to see that His Absence was present. So, after six weeks of intrigue, rumour—both ingenious and ridiculous—plots and threats, and the usual exchange of proud insults between the United States and the Soviet Union, the United Nations had

chosen a new Secretary-General—an Acting Secretary-General, to be sure, who will be out of office in April 1963. But at least we have recovered from the near despair that overtook us in September when the dreadful bulletin was flashed from Ndola, to correct an earlier bulletin that reported a meeting between Mr. Tshombe and Dag Hammarskjöld. Mr. Hammarskjöld, the second bulletin said, had not yet arrived at Ndola. As we all knew soon enough, he was never to arrive.

Two things struck us at the time, neither of which we had anticipated: the world astonished itself with the sincerity of its grief for Hammarskjöld—a diffident man who kept as far from the limelight as his office would allow. The other was the discovery made a little late by all of us that Hammarskjöld was an original, a man of towering moral strength, and a political thinker ahead of his time. I cannot pretend to explain why Hammarskjöld, a cool and unshowy figure in life, should have aroused such genuine and universal sorrow. As for his quality as a person and a statesman, it will have to be revealed from the vast file of papers that he left behind, which are now being quietly and exhaustively examined, and which are giving the examiners cause for shock and for greatly increased admiration. I doubt they will be published for a long time to come, since we are at the mercy, not of a single foreign office but of the ninety-odd nations whose confidences Hammarskjöld shared and whose secrets he kept inviolate from all of them. But I spent a little time this week with a man who was as close to Hammarskjöld as any human being on this side of the Atlantic, and he said enough to convince me that the political philosophy of Hammarskjöld was as subtle

as that of an Indian mystic, and as rewarding as the Dialogues of Plato.

It may seem a little graceless to introduce U Thant to the sound of a flourish of trumpets for Hammarskjöld; but it is only fair to Mr. Thant not to measure him by a standard that we are only beginning to sense in his predecessor. It is even less fair to assume that Mr. Thant is Hammarskjöld's successor in fact or in function. The Soviet Union, for one—and she is not alone—will certainly not tolerate again a Secretary-General who acts on behalf of a splendid fiction called 'the United Nations', on behalf of a community of nations that has not yet achieved community, on behalf of the great ideas that the Charter of the U.N. is merely struggling towards. Hammarskjöld in his latter days concluded that the United Nations, as it is, can do nothing to unfreeze the Cold War and the threatening enmities of the two vast power states; but he was determined that the continent of Africa, for one, should be quarantined against the infection of this power mania, and he went into Katanga to prevent a huger and more tragic Korea. The only pretext on which he could exercise this breathtaking initiative was the pretext that lies buried in an article of the Charter that Mr. Trygve Lie I think, never used, and that I do not believe Mr. Thant will dare to use either. It is article 99 and it contains these liberating words: 'The Secretary-General may bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security'.

Conscientious Stop-gap

The Russians, with their sixth sense for spotting any force likely to divert their aims, both long and short, took the true measure of Hammarskjöld earlier than anybody, and rightly from their point of view, banished him as a heretic. They have, we now know, no intention of allowing a single Secretary-General to be elected. Mr. Thant is an agreeable and conscientious stop-gap till, in 1963, the Russians start again their campaign for a Troika.

The steps by which Mr. Thant was chosen were, I am sorry to say, atrociously reported. Hammarskjöld himself would be gloomier than ever, and he could be gloomy, though never disheartened, if he could have seen the 'on again—off again', backing and filling quality of the reports on the negotiations between Mr. Stevenson and the Soviet delegate Mr. Zorin. There is no point in going over this dreary episode, except to say that it provided an example of the kind of reporting that Hammarskjöld despised—what he called 'diplomacy by loudspeaker'. In fact, the United States and the Soviet Union were never far apart. Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Stevenson conducted the earliest talks, and when Mr. Gromyko left these shores a month ago, both sides—and I think it is important to say, the Russians especially—had made generous concessions. Mr. Gromyko had given up asking for a Troika now. Mr. Stevenson promised that the United States would not make demands so rigid that the Soviet Union would have to turn them down in the Security Council, causing Mr. Stevenson to throw the issue into the General Assembly, which has no Charter power to choose a Secretary-General but only to approve or reject the choice of the Council.

They argued a while about whether the Assistant Secretaries-General—no matter how many—should represent geographical areas of the earth or political power blocs. They agreed that geography should be the guide, but it should try to follow pretty accurately the real divisions of the world into different political philosophies; rather, the Russians insisted on the politics and the Americans on the geography, and they compromised by merging both points of view.

When all the harum-scarum fly-by-night reporting started, the only question at issue was whether there would have to be an Assistant Secretary-General from Eastern as well as Western Europe. In the end, they did the civilized thing—an odd thing to do inside the United Nations, which has quite a variety of ideas about what constitutes a civilized man. They decided to leave it to Mr. Thant himself. He was the only man ever discussed for the job. They were both satisfied at last by his promise to balance his staff according to the real world of politics in which we live. At present, that balance is still Mr. Thant's secret.

Mr. Thant is a very light-coffee-coloured man, small and

compact, with large almond eyes, greying hair, glasses worn firmly against his eyebrows and cheekbones. He keeps his temper, if he has one, as a matter of religious principle—a big point, this, with the Russians. They did not exactly announce that they must have a man who would not answer back like Hammarskjöld, but the finest appeal of Buddhism, its determined pacifism, its vow to retain at all times emotional serenity, must have had a special, and I must say secular, attraction for the Russians. Mr. Thant is, of course, a Buddhist. He was born fifty-two years ago, the son of a rich rice merchant and landowner. After graduating from Rangoon University, he became a high school teacher of English and Modern History. These specialities massaged his itch to become a political writer, and he did a spell as an education adviser to the Japanese government of occupation. After the war he quit teaching and became an information officer with an anti-fascist league, and when Burma achieved her independence he became the Government's press officer—a James Hagerty or Pierre Salinger.

In 1952 he was sent here on the Burmese delegation, and since 1957 he has been her Chief-of-Mission. I will go no further than this, not only because I am ignorant of much more than that 'potted' biography, but because, in the light of what happened to Hammarskjöld, it would be prudent not to guess at Mr. Thant's character. Mr. Hammarskjöld was hailed everywhere in 1953 as a fine, uninterfering type, the archetype of the confidential clerk. He fooled us. Mr. Thant is reputed to be tough, but tolerant, absolutely uncommitted to our side or theirs, or even the flat ground in between. We shall see.

Behind everything I have said so far, there has been a nagging, sad preoccupation. It occurred to me every time I mentioned Mr. Hammarskjöld's name, because one of Mr. Hammarskjöld's abiding passions was the work of James Thurber. Last week James Thurber died. The papers have all paid him the compliment that I suppose was bound to be his: as the truest American humorist since Mark Twain. I should like to sit down and write truly about Thurber, to convey the inimitable flavour of him as a writer and a man, for these flavours merged in his talk and behaviour as they do very rarely in the private life of great writers. Unfortunately, I am in the position of one who has not yet recovered from the shock of his death, which we all knew in the last month was bound to come. He was, in short, a personal friend; and I am confused in my memories between the sad hilarity of Thurber's prose and the wild, not at all sad, hilarity of many a night with him. I say 'night' and not 'evening', because you couldn't get Thurber out of the house much before dawn. Thurber had only to dissect the mad, pompous, earnest world of reality with his marvellous child-like logic, to reveal it as a world standing solemnly on its head.—*Home Service*

THE REITH LECTURES

This year the Reith Lectures will be on

The Colonial Reckoning

By Margery Perham, C.B.E.

Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford University

The lectures will be published in

THE LISTENER

and B.B.C. Television Review

beginning next week

Other contributions to this number will include:

'Talking about Science' by Magnus Pyke
'Beethoven's Letters' by Denis Stevens

'German Art in Manchester' by L. D. Ettlinger
and 'Painting of the Month' by Sir John Summerson

Yugoslavia and the Soviet World

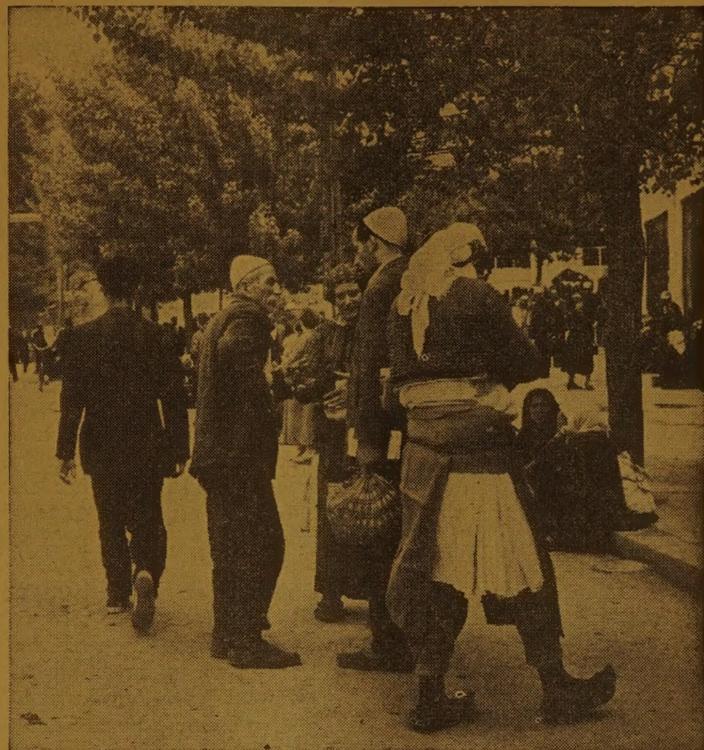
By KARL LAVRENCIC

WHEN I left Yugoslavia late in 1946 pictures of Stalin and Tito were hanging together in all public places, posters and banners hailed the Big Ally and Brother, and many young people seemed determined to turn their country into a republic of the U.S.S.R. as soon as possible.

This autumn I went back to Yugoslavia. Much has happened during the fifteen years, a great deal of which is familiar all over the world. Yet I was somewhat surprised to see how many people have changed their views and to find that the U.S.S.R. and Soviet ways should be so deeply discredited. This was particularly striking in the areas bordering on Soviet-bloc countries. These areas have often been rife with trouble in the past. It was never certain whether the Hungarian, Macedonian, and Albanian minorities would not rather be part of the neighbouring states than live under a Yugoslav government. The irredentist campaign is still being pursued with unrelenting vigour in Tirana, and somewhat more academic propaganda can be heard from Sofia. But all this seems now to be falling on deaf ears.

I talked to many people near the Albanian frontier. They were poor people, wearing their home-spun national costumes, not because of foreign tourists but because they have nothing else to wear. Macedonians, Serbs, Albanians, Turks, Vlachs and Gypsies live here side by side, sometimes in the same village, and you can tell their race or religion by the way they are dressed. There is still a great deal of mutual distrust among these racial groups. I also found much grumbling, although this may be an oriental characteristic. Peasants were certainly emphatic that taxes were too high. I asked a seedy-looking elderly man with an off-white skull-cap (the mark of an Albanian) whether he would not prefer to live in Albania. He laughed at this suggestion and said, 'There I would have only maize to eat every day'. The comment was typical for the region.

Among Macedonians I could find little support for the view, which is still sometimes expressed in Sofia, that Macedonians are really Bulgarians. In fact they are not, and they are happy that

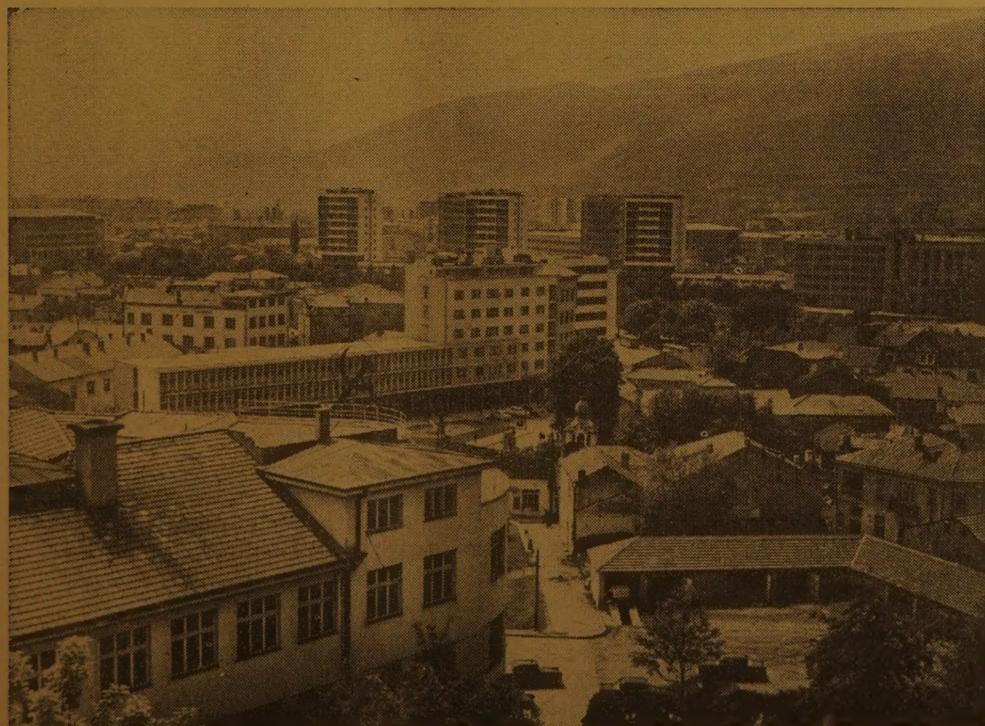


Peasants in national dress in the Yugoslav town of Prizren, near the Albanian border

their language is being officially recognized and promoted in Yugoslavia. This is different from what is happening to Macedonians in Bulgaria.

In another border region of unhappy memories, Vojvodina, I was able to talk to Hungarians who occupy about one third of the farms in this prodigiously fertile land. They have little contact with their brethren across the frontier but they seemed well informed about the collectivization in Hungary and various repressive measures of the Kadar regime. One peasant summed up the prevailing feeling when he said, 'We are grateful to Tito for saving us from a worse fate'.

After much bitter experience the Yugoslav communists seem now to have ended the 'class war' against the peasant. Efforts are being made to regain the confidence of the farmers, but this is bound to be a long process. Peasants are largely left to cultivate the land on their own small plots but are encouraged to work with 'co-operatives' when marketing their produce, buying better seeds or fertilizers—or even to let the 'co-operative' work on their fields with tractors and machines for a fair share in the crop. Yugoslav communists have found that no amount of slogans, red banners and exhortation can get something out of the people for nothing, least of all out of the peasants. President Tito had the courage to face these facts of life, which communists elsewhere refuse to do.



'Large new housing blocks are changing the skyline of many towns': a view of Skopje, Yugoslavia

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

When I was in the Ukraine last summer I was surprised at food shortages in towns. In Odessa there was no fresh meat in state shops. In Kiev I asked an angry housewife, who was standing in a long queue waiting to buy butter, why she thought there were these shortages in a region that is famous for its fertile land. Her answer was simple, 'Peasants will not work for nothing'. I saw women working on Russian state farms for twenty roubles a month while an average pair of shoes costs thirty roubles. Most of the peasants on collective farms in the Ukraine seemed to be earning ten roubles or less a month in cash.

Lively Industrial Activity

According to official Yugoslav statistics the country's economic progress is about the fastest in the world. I had no means of checking the accuracy of such claims. But I was certainly impressed by the very lively industrial activity I saw almost everywhere. New factories are mushrooming, particularly in the under-developed south. I saw a huge new hydro-electric project being constructed near the Albanian frontier, in the deep canyon of the river Tsrni Drim. There are many more ambitious plans in Macedonia, including a large new steel works with an annual capacity of a million tons of steel. Large new housing blocks, built in contemporary style, are changing the skyline of many towns. Whether all this new construction is economically sound may be open to doubt. I slept in a luxury hotel which was recently built in the lovely but very remote Ohrid, on a lake which borders on Albania. The hotel was almost empty although it was still the high season. I was told heavy state subsidies were being paid to keep the place running.

But these problems are now faced in Yugoslavia much more resolutely than in the recent past. The latest economic reforms aim at ending all subsidies and making socialized enterprises stand on their own feet financially. This may be an ambitious aim, particularly in the less developed areas where productivity of labour is notoriously low. The chief economist of the large Tito metal works at Skopje admitted that low productivity and lack of skilled labour represented a big problem for his firm. But he showed me organizational improvements which, he said, were based on the experience of Western companies. The Yugoslavs are evidently keen to learn from the West, and technological co-operation with western companies is an important feature of Yugoslavia's economy. A great variety of industrial products can be made in this way, including tractors and motor-cars.

A Yugoslav enterprise is supposed to be run by a committee appointed by the 'workers' council' jointly with a director who is nominated by the state. This aspect of Titoist reforms looms large in official literature, but my impression was that its importance can easily be exaggerated. It is true, however, that the arrangement does give employees a certain influence in the factory and enhances their concern for the welfare of the enterprise. This is important in a country where no free trade unions exist.

Workers also share in the profits of the firm and may, within limits, influence the way in which profits are used or distributed. I was told that this power has now been somewhat increased. But much more important seems to me the fact that these socialized enterprises are often genuinely competing with each other and that the principle of financial incentive has replaced the discredited practice of so-called 'socialist emulation' in fulfilling various plans—a system which is still so much in vogue in the Soviet bloc.

While the incentive to work and to produce goods and sell them in the market is increasingly based on financial rewards in Yugoslavia, the consumer—a much neglected person in all communist societies—is gradually coming into his, or her, own. Shops are well stocked and service is good in hotels and elsewhere—which is a marked difference from conditions in the Soviet Union. The quality of consumer goods has greatly improved in the last few years and there is no shortage of good food.

Wages are low compared with prices. A good suit for a man costs considerably more than the average worker earns in a month. This makes it somewhat surprising that people in Yugoslav towns should look so much better dressed than they do in other communist countries. And there are many more private cars on the roads, especially in Slovenia, than in neighbouring Hungary. But it seems that the authorities now allow, or at least tolerate, a considerable amount of private enterprise. Many people may also travel abroad to western Europe, and some go there to work and bring back their savings.

No Organized Criticism Possible

If someone said to me, 'You have been back to Yugoslavia and have seen all those changes, but would you like to live there?', my answer would be, 'No'. Or, perhaps, 'Not yet'. I could give a number of solid reasons, not including the fact that one can earn more money in England. Political dictatorship is still there, and while the ideas of Mr. Milovan Djilas are by no means unpopular, there is no one in the League of Communists of Yugoslavia to forward them. No organized criticism of the government is possible. And while Western newspapers are easily obtainable, and are read avidly in coffee houses, there is no real freedom of speech.

Yet this is not to minimize the improvements which have taken place in Yugoslavia, and indeed the significance of her new course, which is very great. Both internationally and where domestic policies are concerned, the case of Yugoslavia has helped to explode many fallacies about communism being an answer to the world's needs. It has done more than that: it has shown that a 'peaceful transition' may be possible from the oppressive and inhuman methods of orthodox communism to something that is altogether more tolerant and more reasonable. It is this which, no doubt, infuriates the dogmatists in Moscow and Peking.—*European Services*

Totalitarian Approaches to Diplomacy

By SIR WILLIAM HAYTER

In an essay published recently as one of a series of studies in diplomatic history in honour of the historian G. P. Gooch*, Professor Gordon Craig has written about 'totalitarian approaches to diplomatic negotiations'. In this essay Professor Craig quotes from the Soviet official history of diplomacy a remarkably smug Soviet characterization of Soviet diplomacy. 'Soviet diplomacy', we read there, 'is master of its technique. In its relations with foreign Powers, it defends the interests of its country in the most worthy manner; and with an incontestable authority and with impeccable special skills, it conducts negotiations and concludes agreements advantageous to its country'.

Suppose I were arguing here with an imaginary opponent, a Soviet diplomat, he might reply 'What is wrong with that? Is

that not what other diplomacies try to do, though of course they have not our rich store of incontestable authority and impeccable special skills? You are all trying to conclude agreements advantageous to your countries, only you do not do it as well as we do'. I am inwardly convinced of the entire futility of arguing with Soviet diplomats about the aims and methods of diplomacy; we start too far apart, and so either one is polite and gets nowhere or one is rude and gives offence. But here I have no real opponent to offend, and so perhaps I can go on.

'Well', I should say, 'I will not argue with you about our respective technical equipment. Certainly you are always well briefed, probably better briefed than I am. You are a conscientious though not an inspired linguist. You have few social, cultural, or

intellectual distractions. You know your aims, and by your lights you are efficient about the means of achieving them. But are your aims sensible? You say that what you want is agreements advantageous to your country. Don't we all? Of course we do, but what is advantageous? Is an agreement advantageous to the Soviet Union one in which the Soviet Union has all the advantages, or one that is advantageous to both sides? Diplomacy to you, as Professor Craig says, is a weapon in the unrelenting war against capitalist society. Do you agree with this or don't you?

I am not sure how my imaginary Soviet diplomat would answer these questions. They are really, I think, the crucial ones. 'Your trouble is', I should say to him, 'that you always negotiate for victory. You cannot see that what the world wants, and what the peoples even of your own country really need, is that the Great Powers should agree. You look on negotiation as a struggle, in which one side must win advantages; in the end, you believe, one side must prevail over the other, must bury it. Even if there is peace, the nations of the world must compete, must struggle, must strive to overtake and surpass each other. You repudiate indignantly (I am quoting from your party journal, *Kommunist*) the idea that peaceful coexistence can mean "a cessation of the fight between the two systems or some kind of armistice in the contradictions between socialism and capitalism. The contradictions continue", *Kommunist* goes on, "and the class war in the international arena continues, but the forms of that war are different—economic competition and an ideological fight in place of war".

'Govern Russia as you Like'

Perhaps I have not so far given the imaginary Soviet diplomat much of an innings. However, I have now let him speak through the mouth of *Kommunist*, and the words I have just quoted are not imaginary. They are typical official Soviet thought about international relations; this is the world of peaceful coexistence, as seen by our imaginary friend. Now, I should say to him, 'Of course we have class warriors and cold warriors on our side too, and many of them are capable of utterances almost as silly and as vicious as your friends who write for *Kommunist*. But they have no monopoly of our thoughts, as *Kommunist* has of yours, and they are not even the people who control our policy. I know you think we are all plotting to overthrow your Socialist regime, and I can never convince you to the contrary, though I know myself for a fact that it is not so. If you had raided the British Embassy in Moscow at any time I was there and seized all its papers intact, you would have found nothing subversive, though much that was critical. The truth is, we are not trying to overthrow your institutions. You can govern Russia as you like, as far as we are concerned. But you think you won't be safe till all the world is governed your way, and so there must be a struggle.'

'This means that though you talk of negotiations there really cannot be any. Negotiations, at least to us, mean discussions between parties who have differences they want to settle, to their mutual advantage if possible, but who do not question each other's right to live. But you do question ours. You are committed to an intensified struggle for the triumph of your ideas, and so there is a wall between us, not so concrete as the one your friend Ulbricht has built through Berlin but even more difficult to remove. In my past career I was often in negotiations with the French or the Americans, and these negotiations could sometimes be disagreeable and involve sharp differences. But all the time we realized that it was our duty to settle these differences, and that settlements would not work if one side or the other thought them unjust. This is the kind of conduct the world expects from sensible Great Powers. But negotiating with your friends and colleagues in Moscow was not like that at all. What you people used to do was to put forward impossible demands, known to be unacceptable and ruinous to us if accepted. You would then wait to see if our nerve would crack; of course we would not accept it all, but perhaps we would tire and accept enough of it to put us at a real disadvantage when the next round of the struggle began.'

At this point our imaginary Soviet diplomat, tired of my offensive monologue, might try to force his way back into the conversation. 'You are quite right', he might say, 'to admit that you will never convince me of your peaceful intentions. Of course all you capitalists are plotting the overthrow of socialism every-

where; either you are lying when you say you don't know of this or you are not in the real secrets. These are the facts of life, and we must defend ourselves against your plots. But at least we mean to do this peacefully. Even in the quotation from *Kommunist* that you yourself gave we talked of economic competition and an ideological struggle in place of war'.

Instruments of Policy

If our fictional friend were to take this line, I think I should indicate qualified agreement. Of course he would be offended if we compared his regime with the fascist dictatorships, even favourably, but we might risk one quotation from Professor Hugh Seton-Watson's *Neither War nor Peace**. He says there:

Hitler and Mussolini were romantics who loved war for war's sake. To the Soviet leaders the choice of means is a matter of expediency. Secret diplomacy, propaganda by mass media, propaganda by international conference, espionage, subversion, economic aid, the granting or withholding of foreign trade, guerrilla war, the threat of war, war with conventional forces and war with atomic weapons, are all potential instruments of policy, to be used in accordance with the needs of the moment, the chances and the cost of success.

Exactly. War is not rejected as such. Mr. Khrushchev, less than a year ago, was saying: 'We recognize and support the just wars of peoples for their liberation'. None of us believes in just wars now. If some wars are rejected in Moscow, it is only because, in the given historical circumstances, they are likely to be unprofitable. 'Modern nuclear war of itself', says *Kommunist*, 'could in no way be a factor which would hasten revolution or bring nearer the victory of socialism. On the contrary, it would throw back humanity, the world-revolutionary workers' movement and the cause of building socialism and communism for many decades'. But presumably if large-scale war could advance these policies it would not be excluded. Meanwhile there can be the 'just wars of liberation', presumably smaller wars. And only the Soviet Government can nominate wars as just, or of liberation. What happened in Hungary or Tibet does not rate such a nomination; what happened in Cuba does.

I have perhaps allowed my imaginary interlocutor to sidetrack me with his claim that the Soviet Government is against war. Who is not? But the point is Professor Seton-Watson's one, that war is included among the morally acceptable means of furthering Soviet foreign policy, and is excluded, if at all, only on prudential grounds. The Russians do not positively *like* war, as the fascists did, nor do they positively reject it (pacifism is a heresy); but probably now it is seen to be too dangerous a weapon for everyday use.

'All right', our Soviet friend might say, 'I see you agree with me that we don't want war, and for the rest, all's fair. You don't approve of our foreign policy aims or like our diplomatic methods, but surely you must admit we are pretty successful? Things are going our way, and you cannot stop them. Doesn't that suggest that we may be right and you wrong?'

Advantages but only Slight Progress

I don't know. To begin with, I do not accept the view that what succeeds is necessarily right. But, apart from that, I might be inclined to ask our Soviet friend whether he is so sure that his diplomatic methods are successful. 'After all', I might say to him, 'your diplomatic situation in 1945, thanks to your military successes, was an enviable one. The two countries that had most threatened you, Germany and Japan, were prostrate. The rest of the world had warm feelings towards you. Since then things ought, objectively, to have gone even more your way. The process of decolonization, to which you contributed virtually nothing but a stream of abuse, brought into existence a string of new countries naturally suspicious of their former masters. These former masters were now your rivals, their former colonies should have been your firm friends. But are they? Since 1945 no one has rallied to your side but China, and China's accession owes nothing to any diplomatic efforts of yours. All the former colonies have stayed out of your camp. Some have flirted with you, none have allied themselves. Except for China, your bloc extends no

(concluded on page 776)

The Listener

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Portrait Painting

BY a coincidence, the day after Augustus John died last week the art critic of *The Daily Telegraph* began a review of an exhibition by declaring that portraiture at the moment is 'a languishing art'; and Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock in an appreciation of John that we print today calls it a 'lost art'. Certainly there do not seem to be any portrait painters among the younger generation of artists in Britain whose work is comparable either with that of John or his elder contemporary Sickert. Indeed, some people might say that it is necessary to go back to the time of George Frederick Watts to discover a main current in Britain of portrait-painting of high quality.

Of course, the idea of making a portrait is an ancient art, at least as old as the occasion when the Egyptian sculptor Ni-ankh-Ptah carved out a portrait of himself in the bottom left-hand corner of a limestone relief, part of a tomb decoration near Sakkara, in about 2650 B.C. But the tradition of painting commissioned portraits is a much younger branch of the arts, one that became highly developed in the Renaissance, after a standard of fashionable excellence had been achieved by Raphael and Titian and their followers. In earlier art, so much portraiture had merely been incidental, as when a Gothic stone-mason with a sense of humour included the head of his abbot as a piece of architectural decoration high up in the clerestory of some medieval abbey, or when in Britain the enthusiastic illuminator of a plea roll in the Court of King's Bench decided to sketch a picture of King Henry VI inside one of his initial capital letters. But one of the achievements of the Renaissance was to translate this itch on the part of the artist for making incidental likenesses into an established fashion on the part of potential sitters for having their portraits painted. Since this fashion began, it has of course had its ups and downs and nowhere more than in Britain, where it is a remarkable fact that for 200 years, from Holbein to Reynolds, the majority of English pictures were in fact portraits. Looking back now the modern critic can see roughly who our ablest portrait painters have been and what parts of their work have that spark of greatness about them which raises them above a common level of competence.

Early in his life Augustus John became particularly celebrated for his drawings and quick sketches. These showed such immense promise that it was assumed they would lead on to the development of a full-scale flowering of his genius, with one famous picture after another, of the traditional Renaissance kind. If that did not happen, the reason may partly be due to the particular way in which John worked, but also perhaps to the fact that the quick sketch of a person may well produce the closest likeness and be much nearer to real life than any elaborately finished picture. Here is one of the enigmas of painting which faces the artist as he works and has always faced the critic: In the work of some artists of the past, such as Holbein or Ingres, preliminary sketches are so clearly only preparations for the final achievement. But when considering the portraits of most painters of this century, critics have often come to the conclusion that the sketch may be both the best likeness (if it is a portrait) and the best work of art. Perhaps this fact is an omen for believing that the name of Augustus John will come to be included in any short list of our greatest portrait painters.

What They Are Saying

The personality cult

THE FINAL CONDEMNATION of Stalin's 'errors' by the Soviet Party Congress was echoed throughout Eastern Europe—except, of course, in Albania. There *Zeri i Popullit* said that 'Khrushchev and his anti-Marxist group', though in a minority, had forced through the decision to remove Stalin's body from the Red Square mausoleum and had declared 'open war' on Stalin's 'immortal deeds'. A Hungarian newspaper reflected official satellite reaction when it said that 'in the fight for this world those who are unable to rid themselves of the crimes and the outdated and evil methods of a previous period must be brushed aside'.

In the West, Italy's *Corriere della Sera* thought that Mr. Khrushchev's protestations about the personality cult could only increase the myth surrounding Mr. Khrushchev himself. De-stalinization, it said, was impossible 'without a certain measure of re-stalinization' to fill the vacuum. *The New York Times* declared:

Stalinism was not simply the product of the chance weaknesses and evil traits of a few men. Stalinism was the inevitable product of the totalitarian system in the Soviet Union, a totalitarian system which still prevails without really fundamental change, though police terror is not used as crudely now as Stalin used to employ it.

The East German authorities seem to have been embarrassed by the Soviet action. The editor of *Neues Deutschland* explained in a television interview that some readers of the Congress speeches perhaps did not fully realize the difference between the personality cult and 'appreciation of the role of personalities'. There was no personality cult in East Germany; Ulbricht's political activities were those of 'an outstanding personality . . . guided by principles which are exemplary for a Marxist-Leninist official'.

The Soviet Note to Finland 'requesting' consultations for defence against the alleged threat of West German aggression caused sharp reaction in all Scandinavian countries. *Maakansa* of Helsinki said the Note had come as a 'complete surprise'; one could only guess what had led to it. Perhaps it was connected with 'the Berlin crisis and Soviet plans on the German question'. The Danish *Berlingske Tidende* said Moscow should know that its 'shock policy can only strengthen the cohesion of the Nordic as well as the Western countries'. Swedish newspapers showed considerable anxiety about the Note. *Svenska Dagbladet* recalled that the recent parliamentary debate on Sweden's policy of non-alignment had been influenced by a desire not to create difficulties for Finland. The paper suggested that the Soviet action might lead to a reappraisal of Swedish foreign policy.

President Kennedy's statement about the conditions under which the United States would resume nuclear testing in the atmosphere brought a demand from *The New York Times* that, if tests were to be made, the world should have 'more detailed evidence of the necessity for them'. In Milan *Il Giorno* said the President's statement showed that he meant to resist to the last the pressures of politicians and militarists who demanded a show of force directed at the Russians and the neutrals. It added:

Kennedy has reserved the right to resume or not to resume nuclear tests, and in effect is postponing the decision and waiting to study future Soviet behaviour.

Belgrade radio described the British Government's foreign policy programme—outlined in the Speech from the Throne—as 'pallid'. It was alleged that the measures to strengthen the armed forces were taken under U.S. pressure and that they would make an already tense international situation even more tense. Important economic and social measures were to be left for the last year of the Government's term of office in order to make a favourable impression on the electorate; this, said Belgrade, was 'customary under so-called parliamentary democracy'.

Musicians from seven communist countries met at the Opera House in East Berlin. In a recorded interview broadcast by the East German radio, Shostakovich said that progressive composers the world over wanted a German peace treaty to be concluded as soon as possible.

Did You Hear That?

VISIT TO A LONG HOUSE

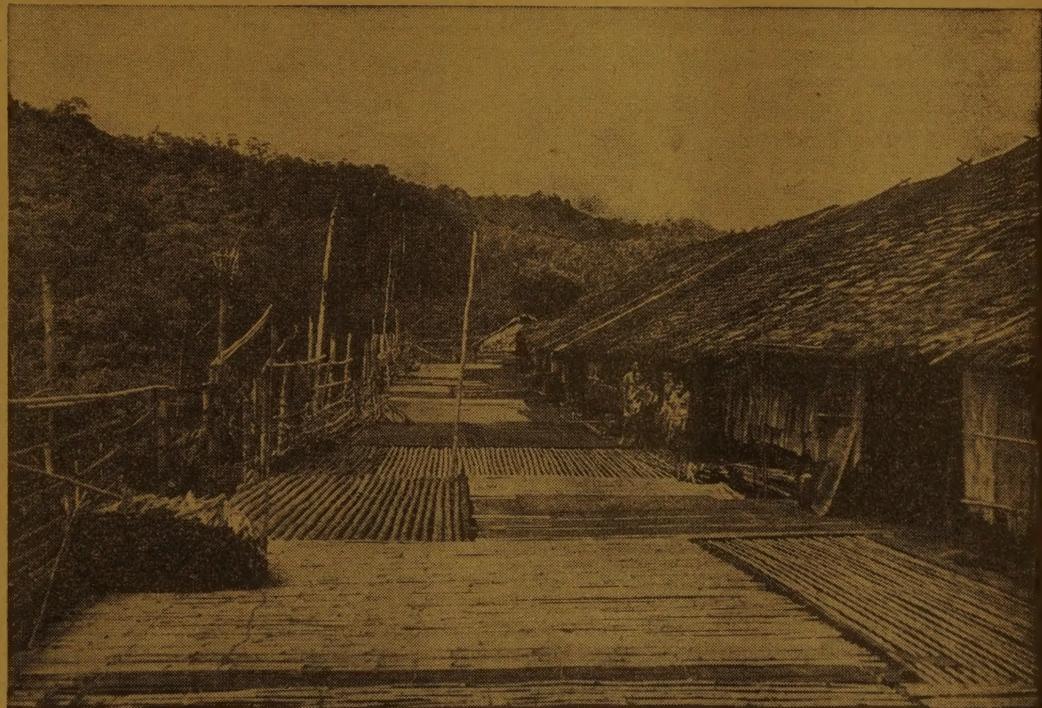
'I CAME TO MY first long house after a journey of hours down the famous Rejan River, in the British territory of Sarawak in Borneo', said ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. correspondent in the Far East, speaking in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service). 'The river is so broad in its lower reaches that it seemed to me more like a series of lakes, with jungle on either shore, and the water was one white glare in the afternoon sun. The Dyaks build their long houses some way back from the stream, and the only way of reaching them is across thin logs, fixed together in a treacherous bridge from the landing-stage. The plank leading up to the long house itself is most uninviting, and could be drawn up at a moment's notice if approaching visitors look hostile.'

'But the Dyaks did not seem to mind us, and they soon showed us round. The long house really was long—about 100 yards of it—built parallel with the river. It was divided right down the middle between a communal portion—where everyone gets together for meetings, feasts, and other gatherings—and the family rooms which open off it, with a series of doors, like a very primitive hotel corridor.'

'A long-house population seems to be reckoned by the number of families, not by people; and the chief said he was not sure how many people he had got, though he knew it was fourteen families. Most of them were away in the rice fields, but would be back later. It seemed that life would begin after dark. Meanwhile, we waited, squatting on his mat, and smoked cigarettes. And soon some canoes began arriving, and we heard laughter and

singing from the landing-stage. Slightly built brown-skinned men and girls appeared, and later some more foreign guests, including the Chinese manager of a local sawmill and his friends.'

'The evening developed into a party; the guests brought bottles of whisky and boxes of boiled sweets. Kerosene lamps were lit; the Dyaks began a rhythmic noise with gongs and petrol cans, and the



A long house in Sarawak—

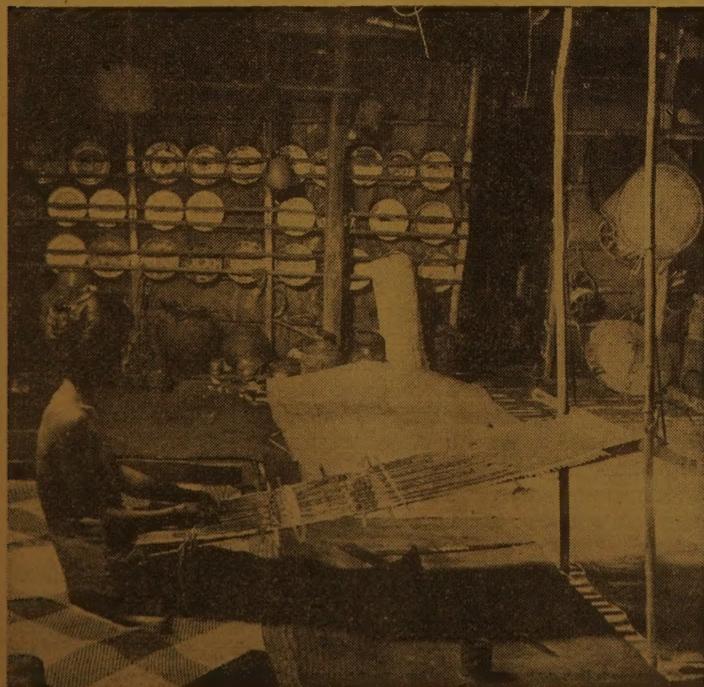
headman made the women dance, beginning with a gnarled, once-handsome grandmother, who first passed her hands fiercely over her face as if to erase the lines of age. She was the most graceful of them all. Shoals of approving brown faces munching sweets watched from the shadows. The rhythms varied as each new dancer took the floor, posturing on the rough planks and bamboo slats, through which I could look down on shadowy forms of pigs and chickens below, picking among human refuse.'

'Later I was shown some of the family rooms, their walls blackened by cooking smoke, and decorated with fishing tackle, nets, pictures torn from old magazines, and even photographs. Although these are the people who once hunted heads, there were no human skulls to be seen, but I was shown several short curved swords. Now for a long time there has been peace: the children often go to school; families are buying radio sets, and learning about the world outside, and the heavy tuberculosis rate in the long houses is diminishing. But there is no sign that the long houses themselves will disappear: they are as much a part of the Borneo landscape as the rivers and the jungle itself'.

MISSING MONEY

'Once upon a time the *bas de laine*, or woollen stocking, was the emblem of thrift in France', said THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. correspondent in Paris, in 'Today' (Home Service). 'That was in the good old days when the 20-franc gold piece, known as the Napoleon, was the current coin of France, and many people, peasants and petty bourgeois, instinctively suspicious of banks, preferred to hoard their savings in a stocking at home.'

'The gold Napoleon is still saved by some in France—I have a few myself, for the fun of it—but for many years of course the bigger currency has been paper; and during the last German occupation prosperous black marketeers amassed so much paper that they used not stockings but the zinc pails that the French



—and a woman weaving in one of the inner rooms

boil their laundry in. But now it looks as though the *bas de laine* has come into its own again. At the beginning of last year, the French Mint starting issuing coins worth five new or 500 old francs. More than 62,000,000 of these coins have been issued so far. And yet, outside the banks, they have practically vanished. I myself have been given exactly two of them as change since they were first put into circulation.

The reason is simple, for whereas all the other coins are aluminium, nickel, or bronze, these pieces are made of real silver; and with so many past devaluations in mind many people are hanging on to them, in the knowledge that if the franc goes west yet again they will at least have saved something from the ruin.

So the *bas de laine* has come into its own again, not perhaps quite literally in these days of nylons, but the big stores are doing a brisk trade in money-boxes of every kind and shape, from serious jobs in metal, with combination locks, to cheap ones which even an infant fist can break when the thing is full or temptation becomes too great'.

FREE TRIP TO CUVU

'I do most of my travelling by rail', said RICHARD HOPE in 'On Railways in the North' (Network Three), 'and in the last few years I have caught some peculiar trains in peculiar places, but never have I come across anything that resembled the public passenger service run by the Colonial Sugar Refinery over their system in Fiji.

The main line is about 120 miles long, the rest being branches and isolated lines. When the company leased the land from the Government at the turn of the century, they got it cheaply on condition that they ran a free passenger service twice a week and opened their bridges to road traffic where required. At present there are twenty diesels which do the bulk of the work and forty-five steam locomotives which come out of store in the cane-crushing season, which lasts from June to December.

I saw from the map that the line ran close to the airport at Nandi, so I arrived there in time to catch the south-bound train which ran on Tuesdays. I was told that no European had travelled on it for years; it would never get me to Singatoka; it was not safe, I would be robbed and left for dead. Well, I had nothing else to do in Fiji, so I persisted. They booked a room for me at Singatoka, wished me luck, and gave me a free breakfast.

I walked out across the airfield to sit under a tree beside the track and wait. There are, in fact, no stations anywhere, or even nameboards; the various stops seem to have been established by local custom over the years. The train was due away from Latoka, seventeen miles from Nandi, at 7.0 a.m. It is meant to average ten miles an hour, so it was not far out when it rounded into view at nine o'clock and came to rest where I was standing.

The rolling stock is open sided, with wooden seats, and more or less the worse for wear, the roofs being laced up with barbed wire to stop people sitting on them. As I got in, the driver and fireman got out and disappeared into the airport build-

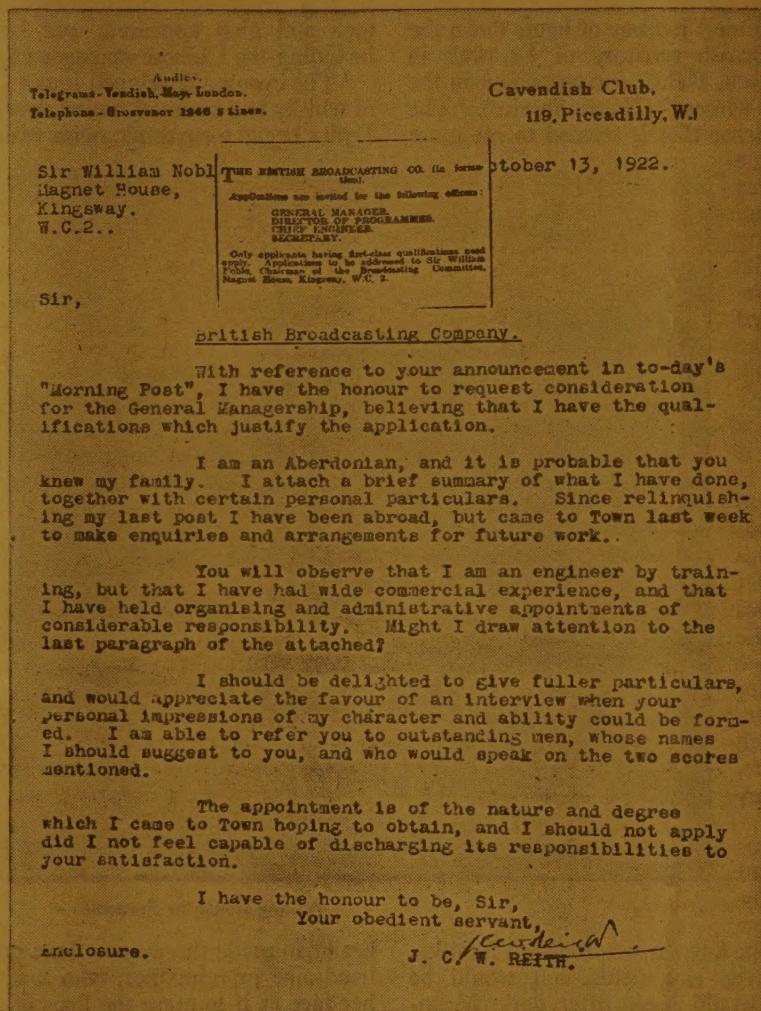
ings. We sat in the sun and waited. No one seemed in the least surprised and certainly not concerned. In due course a wicker motor trolley turned up with four Europeans on it who went into a huddle round the locomotive. Apparently two out of four bolts in the flexible coupling had disappeared, and new ones were on the way from Latoka. However, the motor trolley was going as far as Savou-Savou, and would I like a ride?

The railway is all single track, and roughly two methods of operating are in use, in season and out of season. In the crushing season train dispatchers are on duty twenty-four hours a day at Latoka, and they control train movements by radio and telephone. All locomotives are fitted with a radio for this reason. Out of season, regular trains run to a time-table, and all others carry a native boy, as we did. There was a north-bound freight due which we had to pass somewhere, so when we came to a blind corner we stopped and sent the boy on ahead to have a look. They were being a bit careful that day, I was told, because the week before this same gang had met a diesel doing about twenty m.p.h. with eighty tons of sand behind it. Everyone except Oscar, the driver, had baled out, but the intrepid Oscar had got the trolley into reverse and running backwards just in time. In due course they decided the freight must be getting rather close so they pulled into a siding and let it by. It appeared in about four minutes and clattered by at about twenty-five miles an hour, with a long line of swaying cane trucks—perhaps seventy of them, the last one carrying a white disc on a long pole so that the driver could tell whether his train was still in one piece'.

BOOKS AND BROADCASTING

'There is now an exhibition at the National Book League (it will be open until November 25) which could be described as a history of broadcasting', said RONALD ALLISON, B.B.C. reporter, in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme). 'The books—there are well over 200 of them—deal with the personalities who appear in front of cameras and microphones, the work behind the scenes, technical developments from the cat's whisker to colour television, as well as the political and social implications of these powerful mediums of mass communication.

To many people the letters on show will be even more interesting than the books. For instance, there is one from a Mr. John Reith, applying for the post of General Manager of the British Broadcasting Company, and there is some vintage George Bernard Shaw: in one case a vicious criticism of a broadcast play and in another a curt refusal to be the chairman of a discussion: "I never take the chair", Shaw wrote to the B.B.C. Other letters are from Stanley Baldwin, Sir Winston Churchill, and the late King George VI. From the archives come such memorable pieces as a licence issued in 1912 which allowed the use of wireless telegraphy for experimental purposes. There is a copy of the first *Radio Times*, copies, too, of early news bulletins, and the script of the first "ITMA", autographed by the cast'.



On view at the exhibition on broadcasting at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1: letter of application from Mr. John Reith for the post of General Manager of the British Broadcasting Company

The Moral Doubts of Kant

By L. M. LORING

KANT often expressed grave doubts about whether a perfectly pure moral act had ever been performed. He was willing to allow that our behaviour frequently happens to agree with what duty prescribes, but held that this was not enough to make it truly moral. For, he insists, a moral act properly so-called must be entirely disinterested; it must be done neither from inclination nor because of considerations about what will be most advantageous in the long run. It must, in fact, be done from a sense of duty, or, as he sometimes puts it, 'from pure reverence for the moral law'. And how, Kant asks, can we ever be sure that it was not really 'some hidden impulse of self-love, disguised as duty' that actually determined even our most moral-seeming action?

Unjustified Misgivings

Personally I doubt if these misgivings were altogether justified, for I believe it is not at all unusual for people—some people at least—to be impelled by what Kant sometimes called 'the moral feeling' to perform acts which are not inspired either by inclination nor yet by the remotest considerations of self-interest, and I will later cite a case of what I believe was an act of this kind.

Kant's example of the honest tradesman brings out clearly the full rigour of his demand that to act morally one's will must be purged of all inclinations and also of all self-interested motives. This tradesman, we may remember, refrained from overcharging his customers; but his honesty was not really moral since, although in conformity with duty, it was not *inspired* by duty. It was basically selfish. This man acted honestly solely because he had learnt from experience that honesty is the best policy. Kant specifically rules out the possibility that this tradesman was honest out of personal regard or 'love' for his customers, but gives us to understand that even if this had been his motive his honesty would still not have been morally inspired. Thus if a tradesman who was not above cheating on occasions had been called on to serve some wan-faced, shabbily dressed person, and with the thought, 'I don't want to take advantage of this poor chap', had given him the correct change, he would still not have been acting morally; for according to Kant an act inspired by pity can be no more moral than an act inspired by any other spontaneous feeling. But, of course, in casting out love and pity from his temple of morality Kant was not being hard-hearted but only consistent; for as mere emotions they had no more right to be there than hate or spite or envy.

Impossible to Understand?

But what, then, *had* a right to be there? This is much harder to find out; and in the attempt to unravel Kant's positive conditions for the moral act as distinct from his negative ones many a student must have been driven to protest that whether or not the pure moral act is impossible to perform it is certainly impossible to understand. Still, we owe it to Kant to persevere in the attempt to follow his arguments, for he has the supreme distinction of being the first great moral philosopher to draw a sharp boundary-line between the realms of the moral and the non-moral; a line determined not by the nature of the act, but by the nature of the motive. This was a vitally important demarcation, capable of clearing up a vast amount of confusion in ethical theory. That the clearing-up never took place is one of the ironies of philosophy, seeing that this was mainly Kant's own fault. To paint the lily may be more than a mere aesthetic mistake: it may kill it; and this I think is what Kant did to his own supreme principle of morality.

Kant himself does not develop his case of the honest tradesman any further, but we might as well consider a few more possibilities in his situation in order to see what conditions he would

have had to fulfil to make his honesty truly moral, according to Kant's requirements. Suppose, for example, that this tradesman had reason to revise his previous opinion that from the point of view of his own interests honesty was the best policy. Suppose he came to know of a rival in the same line of business who habitually overcharged his customers and got away with it, and did very well. In this case I think most moralists would say that if our man still refrains from overcharging, although he now believes he could do it safely and that it would pay, then his honesty is truly moral. But Kant would have said 'Not necessarily'. For one thing, it would still depend whether the motive was pure. Even supposing this tradesman had succeeded in the difficult feat of purging his will of all self-interest—including the wish to be liked or respected for his honesty—would he not, if convinced of the moral wrongness of dishonesty, have perhaps continued to be honest partly from the selfish wish to avoid suffering the pangs of conscience? Possibly, however, Kant would have let that pass. For the one self-seeking motive he seems sometimes to admit as moral is the motive of feeling satisfaction at having acted morally, and if so then he would presumably have also allowed the corresponding negative motive of avoiding the painful feeling of having acted immorally.

Two Kinds of Laws

However, another condition would have to be observed to make our tradesman's honesty truly moral. For any act, or course of action, if it is to be moral in Kant's sense, must not merely be disinterested, but must also conform to a general principle of conduct which its agent can will to be a universal law. This further condition for the moral act is closely connected with Kant's idea, set forth in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, that just as we cannot but see the physical world as being governed by universal laws of nature, so, when it comes to ourselves, as members of a moral world, we cannot but see ourselves as subject to universal laws of a different kind, namely universal moral laws. Not that we are compelled—physically compelled—to obey them: it is only that we are mentally compelled to acknowledge them.

So far, though we may find some difficulty in accepting the analogy between the two kinds of laws, the point is plain enough; but it is notoriously difficult to understand what Kant means when he insists, as he does over and over again, that it is our reason which lays down universal moral laws for us. 'Reason', he declares, 'independently of all experience, ordains what ought to take place'. How could even the purest of pure reason do that?

Instead of considering Kant's very involved arguments on this subject it may be easier to try to see how the deliverances of Reason could enable our tradesman's honesty to be truly moral. We know already that he must not be honest either from mere inclination or from prudence. We know also that he must act in conformity with a principle that he can will to be a universal law. And it is here that Reason comes into the picture; for it is Reason, Kant says, which must tell each moral will what principles it can, and cannot, will to be universal laws, and he claims that it does this in two ways.

First, Reason shows us that we cannot will what is self-contradictory or otherwise absurd. Thus nobody could will as a universal law that men should always say the opposite of the truth; because if this convention were really to be observed the effect would be just the same as if they were truthful; and, again, nobody could will as a universal law that all men should be slaves or that all men should be masters, because slave implies master and vice versa. In this way Reason performs the function of preventing us from willing anything which turns out on reflection to be impossible, or pointless, or nonsensical. In this aspect Reason

does not ordain what ought to take place, but only what cannot, for logical reasons, be willed to be a universal law.

The general opinion is that Kant's ethic is not only strictly purist but extremely severe. And so in many ways it is. Yet the restriction that Reason so far imposes is the reverse of severe; indeed, it is so very mild as to be hardly a restriction at all. For on grounds of logic, purely, there is no objection to our willing as a universal law that, for instance, men should always lie whenever this may be necessary to avoid hurting each other's feelings. Nor does it forbid us to will, say, that mankind should consist of a tiny minority of masters and a huge majority of slaves.

A Startling Conclusion

But a more startling conclusion emerges. For on this basis we see that our tradesman could just as well will as a universal law either that all tradesmen should be honest or that all tradesmen should cheat whenever they can. And if what he did so as to conform to either law could be completely disinterested—not prompted either by inclination or by selfishness—he would be acting equally morally in both cases. Every one of Kant's formal conditions for the moral act would be fulfilled.

In fact, as was only to be expected, Kant proves quite unable to explain how Reason alone, independently of all experience, can ordain what ought to take place—or even what ought not to take place. So he goes on to give Reason a second, and much more modest, task, which is that of showing that there are certain principles which never would be willed by us to be universal laws if we were to consider how inconvenient they might prove. Thus, to take one example, we cannot, he says, will a universal law whereby people in distress would be neglected, because (I quote from Abbot's translation) 'many cases might occur in which one would need the love and sympathy of others, and in which, according to such a law of Nature, one would deprive oneself of all hope of the aid one desires'. This is a reason, certainly; but it is hardly a moral reason by Kant's own rule of disinterestedness. Altogether then (as Hume could have foretold) Reason completely fails to furnish any kind of pure moral laws, though by the light of experience it can certainly help us to see what universal laws prudence and a sense of social or personal expediency would reject.

How then does Kant deal with this situation? He ignores it. And while continuing to assert that Reason furnishes *a priori* moral laws, he proceeds to lay down a series of moral laws himself, some quite dogmatically, some supported by inferences about the purposes of God or Nature, and some again by arguments of expediency. Thus he asserts that it is the duty of tradesmen to be honest; that it is a duty to preserve one's life even in the utmost adversity; a duty to develop one's natural gifts; a duty to benefit others—when possible, he adds with wise caution.

The most famous of these laws, however, is again negative: I mean the law that we must never treat other people as mere means to our ends. This fine principle really expresses Kant's own sincere detestation of tyranny, but of course he never admits this, since he continues consistently to outlaw emotional attitudes from the realm of morals. So he attempts to justify his law by declaring that men, by virtue of their moral natures, are 'ends in themselves'—a statement both dogmatic and obscure.

Concern for Liberty and Justice

The fact is that Kant, for all his moral rigour, was deeply concerned about liberty and justice, and his attempts to discover *a priori* universal moral laws probably had much to do with his desire that men should not exploit each other or interfere with each other's free choices of action. He ardently wished to establish that Reason was in this matter on the side of the angels, and to show that it is literally irrational to adopt any policy which violates freedom or allows people to be treated unjustly—a powerful argument indeed, if only it could have been made to work. It is true that Kant explicitly denied that his universal moral law was simply the philosophical basis of the Golden Rule—for the Golden Rule might be only a mere matter of social give-and-take, and so not strictly moral. But all the same there is no doubt that he would have preferred us always to act con-

sistently with it. And although the honest tradesman had no moral motive for giving the right change it was certainly right that he should give it; for in Kant's mind such virtues as honesty, reliability, and truthfulness were essential to social harmony and the proper relations between man and man.

Even so, it is difficult not to feel that there is something chilly about Kant's attitude to his fellow human beings, and his ethical writings do undeniably convey a general impression that morality is a most arduous and disagreeable business. I am not saying that Kant was wrong about this, but I do say that his treatment of human desires and feelings, and in particular of kindness, gives such an effect of austerity and harshness that the ordinary naive Christian may well be inclined to exclaim: 'If this is morality, give me straightforward human emotions every time!' With regard to sympathy and compassion Kant goes so far as to pronounce that right-minded persons who are subject to these feelings must long to be delivered from them, because they are confusing to one who seeks to be guided by law-giving Reason alone. The grimness of this is only matched by the grimness of the principle from which it derives: that not even the least element of desire or inclination must enter into the moral decision, so that one of the most reliable signs that one is acting morally, or nearly so, is pain—the pain of self-frustration.

Could anything be more discouraging? If Kant had really succeeded, as he fondly supposed he had, in writing a popular work on ethics which anybody of average intelligence could understand, he might well have gone down in history as one of the most formidable adversaries of morality who ever lived. Mephistopheles himself could hardly have done better. Only, whereas Mephistopheles seems to have enjoyed himself in his life-work, Kant emerges from the pages of his four great ethical treatises as one inwardly beset by worries and uncertainties; and if he sometimes makes us think irresistibly of an unskilful alchemist who has managed to get entangled in his own apparatus, this is surely in large part because of the painful conflict between his most anxious and genuine desire that men should treat each other well, and his inflexibly pure moral will which required them ruthlessly to suppress every one of their natural inclinations which, he stubbornly insisted, 'are all selfish'.

Rarity of Pure Moral Acts

Perhaps in his mellower moments Kant caught himself thinking that after all it might be just as well that absolutely pure moral acts must be so rare. Perhaps even he was relieved, in his heart of hearts, at the thought that they might never happen at all. However, I do not think he was altogether right about this; for at least there is plenty of evidence to suggest that moral principles quite logically willable as universal laws have often effectively overridden all the claims of both benevolence and self-regard. I say nothing of the history of political, religious, and racial persecutions, which in some cases at least have been sincerely inspired by moral motives of a high degree of purity. Instead I will give one humbler instance, which happens to be true, and which makes a convenient foil to the case of the honest tradesman. It is the case of the honest customer.

Much burdened with parcels at the end of a shopping expedition in a country town, Aunt Agatha went into a teashop to rest for a few minutes before catching the hourly bus back to the village where she was staying with relations. Queuing up at the bus-station after leaving the shop she suddenly realized that she had forgotten to pay for her cup of tea. So, gathering up her parcels, she trudged back all the way to the shop to pay her threepence. She missed the bus, of course. She tired herself further. She caused anxiety and inconvenience to her relations (as she knew that she must, since she would be late for supper), and she quite possibly got the teashop waitress into trouble as well. Yet, as she afterwards explained apologetically, she just could not steal a cup of tea, because, after all, you see, that was what she would have done if she hadn't put matters right at once. Now it is true that she had no thought of universal moral laws; yet 'Thou shalt not steal' was evidently graven on her soul. I think we must say that hers was as near being a pure moral act as anyone may hope to perform in this world of selfish impulses. Or was it? What would Kant have said, one wonders.

The Factory King

ASA BRIGGS on Richard Oastler

RICHARD OASTLER, who died a hundred years ago, was one of the most remarkable people in the history of the north of England. He was born in Leeds five days before Christmas in 1789, the year of the French Revolution. Leeds was then a bustling town of 30,000 people. When he died at the age of seventy-two it had more than 200,000. Oastler died at Harrogate only a few miles from where he was born—on a sentimental journey from south to north—and he was buried in St. Stephen's Church, Kirkstall. By then his name, according to the *Leeds Mercury*, was a household word both in Yorkshire and Lancashire. So too was his title, 'the Factory King', which had been bestowed upon him in the turbulent decade from 1830 to 1840 when he established his leadership. Thousands of people were present at his funeral and eight years later, when a bronze statue of him was unveiled in Bradford, it was estimated that 100,000 people gathered together for the occasion. Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his diary: 'The throng was immense, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds'.

These few bare facts go a long way in themselves towards providing a historical scaffolding for Oastler's vigorous and controversial life. He was born in a year of revolution, revolution in France. Yet the revolution which took place in the West Riding of Yorkshire between 1789 and 1861 was just as significant in history. It had many different but related aspects. The application of steam power to the woollen textiles industry, the development of factories, many of them large factories, the displacement of adult workers by children, and the creation of a new social system with new relations between employers and employed were all remarkable features in the West Riding at this time. Equally important, there were many signs of new ways of thinking and feeling about society, new ways of thinking and feeling which reflected a basic economic and social transformation.

By nature Oastler disliked these changes, he was deeply conservative. He preferred the old ways to the new ways—if you like, Kirkstall with its abbey to Leeds with its mills—and he was out of sympathy with much, perhaps with most, that was happening in his lifetime. He had no respect for the French Revolution, for example, and when he talked of the rights of man, as he often did, he did not mean the abstract rights of the French revolutionaries or of men like Tom Paine. He meant the down-to-earth rights of Yorkshiremen to bread, work, and what he called 'independence'. It was just because he was conservative by nature that Oastler was driven to fight against the new system. Like William Cobbett he chose to talk of it as a 'system', and, like Cobbett, he divided his time between denouncing the villains of the system and arousing its victims. He did not hesitate to preach to the victims the need for action—particularly action to

secure legislative interference by Parliament with the working hours of women and children in factories. He also urged the need to provide direct action to prevent the introduction in the north of England of the hated new Poor Law of 1834, a law which abolished outdoor relief and made conditions in the workhouses as unpleasant as possible. Oastler called the new workhouses bastilles. Wherever he could he organized public meetings in the north of England and demonstrations to protest against their introduction.

In a characteristic letter, which summed up his political position, he once wrote:

I am a friend of the aristocracy, but if the Church, the Throne and the Aristocracy are determined to rob the poor man of his liberty, of his wife and of his children, then is the Church no longer that of Christ; then is the Throne no longer that of England; then are the nobles no longer safeguards of the people. Then are they worse than useless. Then with their bitterest foes would I cry, 'Down with them, Down with them all to the ground'.

Starting his active life as a Conservative, therefore, or rather, perhaps, as a tory with a deep veneration for established authority, Oastler ended his active life as a rebel. The main form of rebellion in the late eighteen-thirties was Chartism, a national movement of working-class protest which grew out of local hunger and local discontent. Oastler never called himself a Chartist, but he was in complete sympathy with the

discontented handloom weavers and factory workers in the north of England who became Chartists. He was more interested himself in the right to a square meal than in the right to a vote, but then this was equally true of many of the Chartists themselves. It was Cobbett again who had once remarked that he defied anyone to agitate on a full stomach. Oastler's life was set out in the pages of the Chartists' newspaper the *Northern Star*, and the great northern crowds who cheered Feargus O'Connor had first been drawn into politics by Oastler. They were exactly the same kind of people, better fed but still without the vote, who gathered at Kirkstall for his funeral.

How was Oastler himself drawn into politics, and why did his name become a 'household word' in the north of England? Both Leeds and Bradford figured prominently in this story. So too did the *Leeds Mercury*, the older liberal rival of the *Northern Star*, which was prepared to sing his praises if not when he was alive certainly when he died in 1861.

To begin with Oastler was quite unpolitical. His social conservatism was reinforced by evangelical Christianity—first by Wesleyanism (Wesley himself took young Oastler in his arms and blessed him when he was eight months old) and later by Anglicanism. Social conservatism plus active evangelicism was not an uncommon compound in those days, particularly in the north of



Richard Oastler at the age of forty-eight

From 'Tory Radical' by Cecil Driver (O.U.P., New York)

England; it usually generated, as in the case of William Wilberforce, whom Oastler admired, an intense zeal for philanthropy. Oastler also admired Michael Sadler, a Leeds linen merchant and member of Parliament, who combined intransigent toryism with a deep concern for what later became known as 'the condition of England question'. Sadler, like Oastler, was completely out of tune with the political liberalism of a large section of the manufacturers, a political liberalism preached each week in the pages of the *Leeds Mercury*.

Yet it was not the direct experience of the daily life of a manufacturer in a city which brought Oastler into politics. He was employed from 1820 to 1838 not in industry but in agriculture as a steward of a landed estate owned by a tory squire several miles out of Huddersfield. Yorkshire was a county of contrasts in the years that followed the end of the wars against France, and new industry along with old industry was still carried on in an agricultural setting. It was the contrasts within the West Riding which drew Oastler into politics, not least the contrast between the evangelical concern for slaves in the colonies and the relative indifference—or so it seemed to him—of non-conformist mill-owners to conditions within their own local factories.

It was a Bradford mill-owner, John Wood, a tory and an evangelical, like Oastler, who first informed him of the details of factory life. One Tuesday evening in September 1830 they talked together in Bradford of social evils which needed public attention. 'I wonder you have never turned your attention to the factory system,' Wood told Oastler. 'Why should I?' Oastler asked. 'I have nothing to do with factories'. 'That may be', Wood replied, 'but you are very enthusiastic against slavery in the West Indies, and I assure you there are cruelties daily practised in our mills on little children, which, if you knew, I am sure you would strive to prevent'.

Oastler was so impressed by the horrifying details, so they seemed, of what Wood told him, of small children working almost continually from six in the morning until seven in the evening all the year round, that he resolved to take immediate action. The first thing that he did was to write a letter to the *Leeds Mercury*. In it he wrote passionately of 'a state of infant slavery in Bradford more horrid than colonial slavery'. He concluded his letter by asking why children in Bradford should not be entitled to protection by Act of Parliament. 'Christians', he said, 'should feel and act for those whom Christ so eminently loved and declared that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"'.

The *Leeds Mercury* in 1830 was the great organ of the new business liberalism of the West Riding, and its formidable and eloquent editor, Edward Baines, although he knew Oastler, who handed him this letter personally, hesitated before printing it. He knew that it would be dynamite not only in Bradford but in the whole of the West Riding, and that it would be bound to alienate many of his readers both by its contents and by its tone. After a delay, however, the letter was duly printed. It immediately became a topic of heated argument. Interference by outsiders

with conditions in the factories was just what most of the mill-owners did not want. They had a whole theory of economics to sustain their opposition. At the same time they did not wish the factory question to become popular politics; they were interested in 1830 in parliamentary reform, above all in getting the vote for themselves. Why should the success of their radical programmes be threatened by inflammatory appeals to the working classes which could only do the mill-owners both political and economic harm?

And so Oastler was inevitably drawn into discussions and arguments about politics. He failed to convert all but a minority of the mill-owners. He failed also in his efforts to persuade the local landowners that they had a special social obligation to serve as 'natural protectors of the labouring poor'. He turned, therefore, more and more as the eighteen-thirties went by, to the working classes themselves. They were ready for a champion and for a crusade, and across the Pennines in the industrially more advanced cotton districts they had already raised the cry of a shorter working day and factory reform by act of parliament. In 1831 Oastler met the Huddersfield working-class leaders and agreed with them on a 'compact' for concerted action. Working men's 'short-time committees' were created throughout the West Riding to press for an act of parliament to limit the working day of women and children in the factories to ten hours. Oastler took charge of the vigorous popular agitation, and a little later Lord Shaftesbury, or Ashley as he then was, became its chief parliamentary spokesman. That is why Shaftesbury, by then an aged and very respectable Conservative politician, unveiled Oastler's statue in 1869.

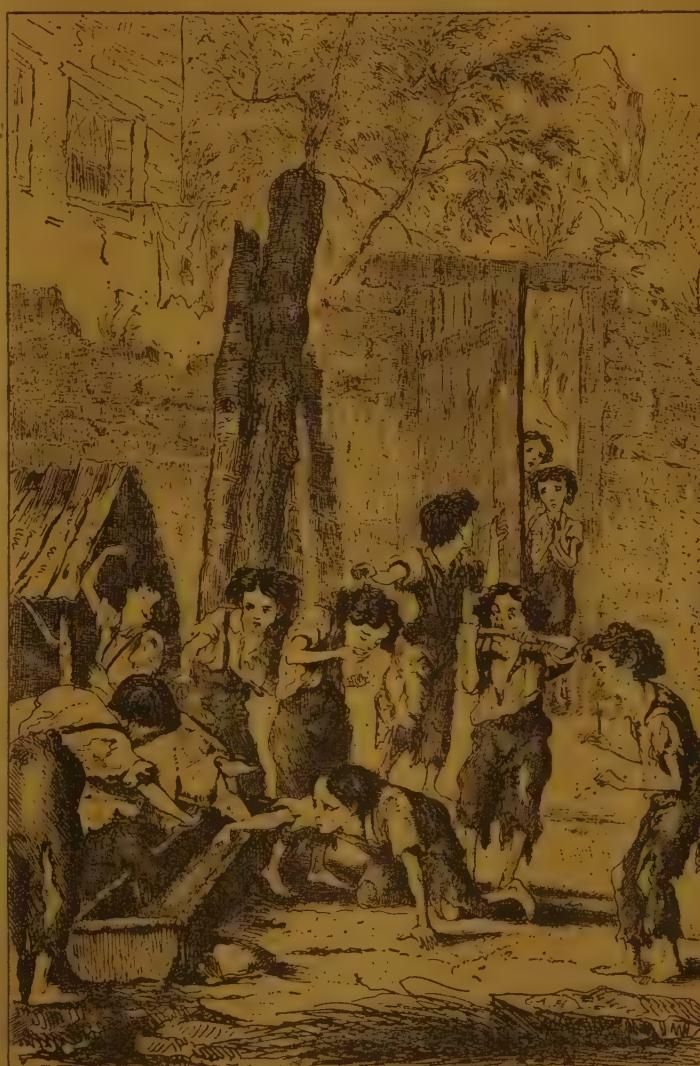
Oastler himself sacrificed his livelihood to the cause in which he believed: He was dismissed from his post as steward of the local estate in 1838 and two years later was sent to the Fleet Prison in London as debtor to

his former employer. He remained there until 1844, editing from prison a weekly journal, *Fleet Papers*, a fascinating social document which illuminates his whole philosophy of life and of society. He was released from prison broken in health and eventually he settled at Guildford in Surrey, and it was on a journey north from Surrey that he died. 'He was a man with a large heart', the *Leeds Mercury* wrote of him in its obituary. It also added—and it was a generous tribute from an old opponent:

We believe he has died without an enemy, and that the news of his death will be received with tears in many a poor man's dwelling. There can be no doubt that the factory operatives' condition is now vastly superior to what it was in 1830, or that to Mr. Oastler (after all drawbacks are made) this happy change is in no small measure due.

—North of England Home Service

Twenty-five Years of BBC Television is the title of B.B.C. Engineering Division Monograph No. 39 for October 1961. It has been written by Sir Harold Bishop, C.B.E., Director of Engineering, B.B.C., and can be obtained (5s. post free) from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.



Factory children scavenging for food in pig troughs: an illustration from *The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy*, by Frances Trollope, published in 1840

The Critic as Connoisseur

By A. E. DYSON

THE title of this talk may perhaps have raised a few eyebrows. The literary middleman, who earns his living from other people's books, is inclined to think of the connoisseur as a dilettante or a mere pleasure seeker; at any rate as an amateur, and so lacking in the credentials we have come to expect. And some of our younger critics are consciously opposed to elegance, brilliance, the qualities of the 'gentlemanly' tradition that the word 'connoisseur' brings to mind. They prefer moral earnestness of the middle-class, non-conformist *genre*. In Arnold's terms, they would rather have light than sweetness.

Extravagant Claims

Nor is this all. Rather extravagant claims are sometimes made for criticism, which can make the notion of a connoisseur sound almost trifling. If you see the critic as hero or sage, prophet or saviour, a description more redolent of power will have to be found for him. My suggestion here will be that for this very reason there is no harm in taking another look at the idea of the connoisseur. What has the dictionary to say? 'One who knows a subject well; a critical judge in art, music, etc.'. The very modesty of this can be sobering at a period of inflation.

My starting point will be a few critical excesses that stand in need of a challenge. A short time ago I remember hearing a piece of criticism attacked on the grounds that any educated reader, given time, might have discovered similar things for himself. The assumptions behind this, though often made these days, are surely odd. One would agree that no critic can deal only in commonplaces; but if he is expected to function altogether outside the framework of normal intelligence, where are we getting to? The answer, as a glance at any university bookshelves will confirm, is a no-man's-land of pseudo-scholarship and pseudo-technology, where the discoveries made about works of literature seem designed to amaze no one more than the author himself, and his normal educated readers. It would be pleasant to add that this is an exaggeration, but I much doubt if it is. The average Ph.D. thesis, especially in America, seems to be aimed at a very specialized audience indeed: a couple of examiners who will be paid to read it, and a university selection committee who will be impressed by the footnotes. If any wider audience is envisaged, the authors do remarkably little to meet it half-way. 'Theme, Symbol and Commitment in the Later Work of James Fenimore Cooper'; 'Shelley's Use of the Word "But": A Study in Semantic Opportunism': I have no idea whether these actual titles exist, but similar ones can be seen by the dozen in any university library. The proliferation of this parasitic growth on the living body of literature is perhaps more sinister than we usually admit.

Hideous Jargon

But this is only one aspect of the problem. Even established and important critics, like the New and Newer Schools in America, have tended to gravitate towards the esoteric. Nearly all of them use hideous jargon, and suffer from syntactical arthritis in its chronic form. Opening any one of them at random, you come across this sort of thing:

What we are committed to, if we want to write this kind of criticism, is the discovery of conceptual equivalents of the concrete relationships of elements discernible in poems.

This is from R. S. Crane, whose edited collection *Critics and Criticism* is in some ways a most stimulating book; but why should a critic who spends his life with great writers choose to fashion his own style like this? The ugliness seems part and parcel of an ambition to be scientific about criticism at all costs; even to claim for critical language the status of a new terminology.

This matter is too large to argue here, but my own view is that

criticism neither can be, nor should want to be, a science. Essentially it is an art, a matter of sensibility and taste; and since the type of precision it demands—a close attention to what is actually offered—is common to arts and sciences alike, why confuse us all by switching names? When anything more scientific than this is proposed, it usually turns out to be the mingling of pseudo-scholarship and pseudo-technology which I have already mentioned. Images are counted, symbols gnawed and fretted at; there is an obsessive hunt for patterns of morality or structures of ideas; figures in carpets are traced at every turn. A characteristic flaw in modern criticism has been the tendency to confuse characters with ideas, and creative art with morality; but what connoisseur of literature would be likely to think in these terms?

When saying this, a few reservations are necessary. I am far from wishing to condemn complexity in itself. Great literature is frequently rich in symbolism, or imbued with irony and paradox; reflecting life, it obviously has to be. And works which look simple, like Gray's 'Elegy' or Blake's 'Songs of Innocence', can turn out on analysis to be as complex as any. The critic will often need to say subtle and difficult things, but my point is that he should be able to say them with ease. He should, too, be able to comment on imagery and symbolism without feeling compelled to reduce them to a system. For one thing no critic can afford to forget is that the heart of great poetry and literature is simple; that Byron, whatever his torments, is also the poet who wrote like this:

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright . . .

That is poetry, as the connoisseur is never likely to forget. Even the great poets who were most aware of tension and paradox, like Blake or Yeats, were also masters, at their profoundest moments, of a movingly simple lyricism.

The Chicago School

I have spoken so far somewhat slightlying of the Americans, which is unfortunate, since some of our best critics are also to be numbered among them. I will touch later on the brighter side of the picture, but before passing to it I cannot avoid pointing out that even the 'newest' critics, the Chicago School, are oddly lacking in ease. Their avowed aim is to stress the humane as well as the scientific importance of criticism, but most of their work is criticism *about* criticism, and their discoveries are not without a Wonderland quality. They say, for instance, that in order properly to *read* a book, you have to start at the beginning, continue page by page attending closely, and stop at the end. On the strength of this, and a few similar pieces of homespun wisdom, they are sometimes spoken of as 'Aristotelian'. No doubt Aristotle would have agreed with them—he would have been hard put to it not to—but he might have wondered why they do not more consistently use common language as the medium for common sense. It is a sombre comment, too, on the spatio-temporal antics of some of our older 'new' critics that anything so fundamental should be offered with the force of novelty.

To my mind, the whole range of criticism *about* criticism is dismally inappropriate to a literary faculty; it belongs to the philosophers, who are more used to the arguments, and more wary. As for criticism itself, I would say that however much you hedge this about, it falls basically into three kinds. The first is the exploration of words and syntax as a creative medium. This is best done as a rule by the creative writers themselves, whose criticism is often an extension of their creative impulse, and illuminating simply because it is not seen as an end in itself, or confused with philosophy. The most outstanding twentieth-

century critics have nearly all been of this kind—T. S. Eliot, Henry James, Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, George Orwell—and more recently Arthur Miller, whose introduction to his *Collected Plays* is one of the really exciting statements of the nineteen-fifties. Even the critics who come nearest to my own ideal for criticism—Lionel Trilling and Edmund Wilson—have themselves written creatively, though this is not the aspect of their work that comes first to mind.

Private Criticism

The second type of criticism is also connected with creation, but is essentially private in its nature. It is the comment that writers, and especially young writers, make on one another, in conversation or in small informal groups. In the past ten years, London groups run by G. S. Fraser and Edward Lucie-Smith have been informal enterprises of this kind, which will have their place in the literary history of the period. The second of these, as an example, has helped and encouraged poets as varied as Ted Hughes, Peter Redgrove, George MacBeth, Peter Porter, Martin Bell, Alan Brownjohn, David Wevill, Philip Hobsbaum. And always, young writers at universities and elsewhere will get together to talk about their work. Criticism of this sort is not meant for public consumption, astringent and penetrating though it sometimes is. It always concerns the growth of some particular talent, and if it gives rise to new theories of art, these are firmly anchored to trial and error in actual practice. A journal collecting together the comments which good writers made on one another in their formative years would be of enormous value, if it could be arranged. But the point is that such comment cannot be arranged, and this is its usefulness.

The third type of criticism, which might be called a lay addition to the other two, is the sort on which university dons and weekly reviewers can usefully employ themselves. It is a consumer's guide this time, concerned with discrimination, and of unique importance in the education of civilized taste. Ideally, a critic of this kind will respond to a work with pleasure, tact, knowledge, and insight; attending to it closely, re-creating as nearly as he can the experience with which it deals, and at the same time responding to its aesthetic appeal, the unique creation of form and style which it essentially is. His main aim, I take it, will be to discover the literature which he values most, and to help other readers to understand and enjoy it better. This, by its very nature, is a service, performed to the work of literature on the one hand, and to its readers and potential readers on the other. Any grandiose claims for it which might make the critic equal to the creative writer, or even superior to him are, therefore, out of court; and so, one would like to think, is arrogance.

With this, I return to the title of my talk, and to the notion of the critic as connoisseur. If one thinks of the connoisseur of wine, say, certain priorities in his criticism are inescapable. He must have the widest acquaintance with his chosen field; he must be able to do full justice to rare vintages without slighting or neglecting the lesser delights. The man who spent his time extolling two or three outstanding clarets, and thought all other wines beneath him, could never qualify for the title. And as a man of knowledge and discrimination, he must also be something of a practical critic; the wine-taster is as much an expert in his chosen field as I. A. Richards or William Empson are in theirs.

When one turns to the connoisseur in the sphere of art these things remain true and one realizes also that he must pre-eminently be a man who takes pleasure in created things, recognizing that beauty is as much one of their characters as truth. He is unlikely to forget Dr. Johnson's maxim that poetry instructs *by pleasing*, or to become over puritanical or morose in his dealings with it. And he will certainly not fall into one of the besetting sins of the writers of literary history, who when confronted with diversity are usually wanting to say 'either/or' instead of 'both/and'. This sometimes takes the form of an 'either/or' inserted between pairs of writers—Sophocles or Euripides, Webster or Jonson, Milton or Donne, Pope or Keats, George Eliot or Dickens. Or it can be an 'either/or' between literary categories—Romantic or Classical, Symbolist or Naturalist, Traditional or Modern and the like. The critic who is a connoisseur will instinctively favour 'both/and' as a formula wherever he can. If he

does prefer Pope to Keats, or vice versa, it will not be on account of their labels.

My final point concerns the connoisseur's own manner. If he believes that literature is, among other things, a civilized pleasure, he will cultivate an ease of manner himself. Like the philosopher, he will hope to remain intelligible to an educated reader, however difficult the things he has to say. Above all, he will be in sympathy with the creative temperament in all its unpredictable variety, remembering that the springs of creation can be in memories of childhood or first love, in chance smells or tastes, in a few chords struck on a piano, as well as in the desire to shape moral patterns, or to juggle with symbols.

My aim here has been simple. I have not tried to suggest that the critic is *only* a connoisseur. And I have not denied that moral seriousness is essential to any criticism we shall fully respect. I have not suggested—and I should like to underline this—that criticism can ever be less than a discipline. The man who says 'I know what I like' is of use to us only if we can trust him, and the difference between the connoisseur and the philistine is precisely the discipline in the one, conjoined with natural talent, that leads to this trust. What I have been concerned to do here is to call attention to one or two glaring flaws in current criticism; and to suggest that pondering the qualities of the connoisseur might be one way of seeing them for what they are.

—Third Programme

Return to Chanctonbury

A frigid silence gathers in among the trees.
The grey boles glint like dulled steel poles.
Bud-tips prick the sky; a light wind plays
At leaves, and lice in dead wood scuffle through holes.

Where the hill drops steeply from the circle of beeches,
Looking down I murmur names, invoking the past.
Washington, Weppons, Wiston House, whispered through branches,
Loose faint echoes that are quickly suppressed.

(This Ring had grown from saplings planted in the grass
Two hundred years ago on the crest of its hill.
I have no record of the time I first walked breathless
Through its fluted greys, a small child yielding to their spell.)

I tread the leaves to the centre of the Ring.
Dry sticks twitch underfoot, stirring insects.
Somewhere, latticed in shadow, scared ghosts cling.
I listen softly, coaxing the silence with facts—

Come to tempt out, flesh these ghosts, and place them,
Set them free like birds from where, caged in, they mope.
And as I listen, playing a butterfly game with time,
The branches tap and flicker, stirred as out of sleep.

I wait with breath held, sense the place's pulse and breath,
And catch at silence, let myself be blindly led
To think that I can conjure a boy's world back from death.
Till suddenly the wood's alive and spiked with its dead.

One of them, someone, stares through trees, intent and still;
Another runs out at me; turns and veers away.
Slack-mouthed faces; voices edged with spite, and shrill.
Above me, like talons, bld-tipped branches claw the sky.

And now the others come, unwanted, ill-at-ease—
A pack of boy-thin ghosts, jockeying for place,
Bred loose and taunting in the dusk. And as the breeze
Flicks up stray leaves, I watch them hugging shadow, slinking close.

Hyaena-like slurred forms, they lunge out, savage,
At my easy dreams, to pick at them, devour—
Leaving me gutted, shivering, in an airless cage,
While silence stiffens in twilight, and the grey boles tower.

CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON

The Sky at Night

Has the Earth Three Moons?

By PATRICK MOORE

ALMOST a century ago, the great French writer Jules Verne published his book *From the Earth to the Moon*. With its sequel, *Round the Moon*, it may be regarded as the first important story about a Moon-voyage—'important', that is to say, in the sense that Verne did his best to keep to scientific facts.

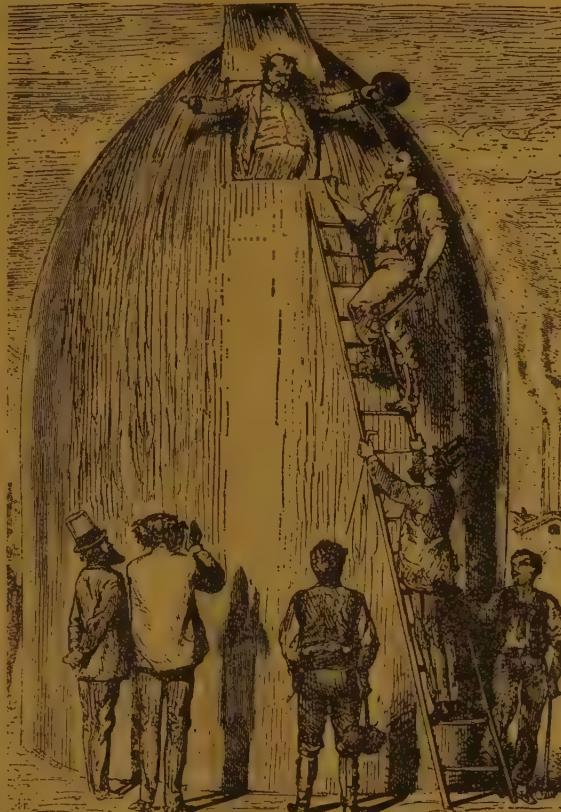
Naturally the story appears old-fashioned now, even though it is still worth reading. Verne's suggested lunar vehicle was fired from the mouth of a vast cannon 900 feet long—with an internal diameter of 9 feet; even though many of his calculations were correct, it is now known that the whole idea of such a space-gun must be discarded, partly because of the violent initial shock, but mainly because of air-resistance, which would produce enough frictional heat to vaporize the projectile almost at once. Moreover, Verne was seriously in error with regard to zero gravity or weightlessness. In his story, the three voyagers—Barbicane, Captain Nicholl, and Michel Ardan—became weightless only when they reached the so-called 'neutral point' where the Earth's gravitational pull balances that of the Moon. Actually, the occupants of the projectile would have been in free fall, and therefore weightless, from the moment of firing—and in any case there are many complications concerning the 'neutral point'.

On the other hand, Verne made some remarkably shrewd forecasts. To mention only a few: the site of his fictional 'Columbiad' cannon was not far from the modern launching ground at Cape Canaveral; the projectile went round the Moon just as Lunik III actually did in 1959; and the adventurers landed in the sea close to the point where one of the two American astronauts, Grissom, was picked up by helicopter a few months ago.

In the story, the projectile was meant to land on the Moon, so that Barbicane, Nicholl, and Michel Ardan would have been stranded there with no hope of return. Verne avoided this difficulty in a most ingenious manner. He told how the projectile met a minor satellite of the Earth, with the result that its orbit was perturbed, so that it swung round the Moon and came back to the Earth. It may be worth while to quote the actual description from Verne's book:

As Barbicane was about to leave the window . . . his attention was attracted by the approach of a brilliant object. It was an enormous disk, whose colossal dimensions could not be estimated.

Its face, which was turned earthwards, was very bright; it might have been taken for a small moon reflecting the light of the larger one. It advanced very rapidly, and seemed to be following an orbit round the Earth which would intersect the path of the projectile. Revolving on its axis, it showed all the characteristics of a body floating freely in space. . . . The object grew enormously,



The spaceman's farewell: left, an illustration from the first edition of Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon*, written in the eighteen-sixties; right, a photograph of Major Gagarin's departure for his flight into space early this year



and the projectile seemed to be rushing into its path. . . . The travellers instinctively recoiled. Their alarm was great, but it did not last long. The object passed within a few hundred yards and vanished, merging into the absolute blackness of space.

Verne's information was drawn from a paper by a French astronomer, Petit, who believed in the existence of a minor satellite moving round the Earth at a distance of 4,650 miles from the ground, in a period of 3 hours 20 minutes.

We may be sure that no appreciable body of this kind exists so close to the Earth, but the whole question of possible minor satellites is interesting enough to warrant further investigation, particularly in view of a recent announcement by the Polish astronomer K. Kordylewski. First, then, let us say something about the sizes and distances of known planetary satellites.

If we begin with satellites of considerable size—say over 150 miles in diameter—we find that Jupiter has four, Saturn nine, Uranus four, and Neptune and the Earth one each. We might also include the fifth attendant of Uranus (Miranda) and the second of Neptune (Nereid), whose diameters are probably in the region of 150 to 200 miles. Of all these, our own Moon is much the largest in relation to its primary, and there is strong support for the idea that the Earth-Moon system should be regarded as a double planet instead of as a planet and a satellite.

Jupiter has eight small satellites as well as its four large ones; their diameters range from about 100 miles down to perhaps 15 miles, and they are excessively faint, so that in some cases photo-

graphs taken with large telescopes are necessary to show them. Mars, too, has dwarf attendants—Phobos and Deimos, neither of which is as much as a dozen miles across. According to one theory, minor satellites of this sort are really in the nature of captured asteroids, and this may also be true of Saturn's ninth moon, Phoebe, which—like the four outermost members of Jupiter's family—travels in a retrograde or east-west direction. If so, there is no valid reason why the Earth should not have similarly captured one or more small bodies.

Mention should also be made of Saturn's ring-system, which is certainly made up of large numbers of small independent bodies moving round the planet in the manner of tiny satellites. It may be that the rings were formed from the debris of a former large body which approached within the Roche limit for Saturn and was broken up, or it may be that the particles were never collected



The interior of the space-ship in Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon* (left), and (above) that of the American astronaut, Captain Virgil Grissom, who made his flight into space last July

together in a single mass. In either case, the ring-particles exist, so that it is permissible to say that Saturn now has many thousands of minor satellites.

The next step is to see what may be deduced about the brightness of a possible minor satellite of the Earth. Even bodies with low albedoes (low power to reflect light falling on them) are visible over surprisingly great distances; for instance, I have glimpsed Phobos over a distance of 40,000,000 miles with the 12½-inch reflector in my own observatory. Assuming normal albedo, it is found that a 25-mile satellite at the distance of the Moon (roughly a quarter of a million miles) would have a magnitude of 1.0, so that it would be as bright as Aldebaran or Betelgeux, and would have been known from the very earliest days of human history. Even at a distance of 2,000,000 miles, it would still be easily visible to the naked eye. Similar calculations made by C. A. Ronan may be summed up as follows:

Distance from Earth, in miles	Magnitude of 25-mile satellite	Magnitude of 12-mile satellite	Magnitude of 1-mile satellite
250,000	1.0	2.5	7.5
500,000	2.5	4.0	9.0
2,000,000	5.5	7.0	12.0

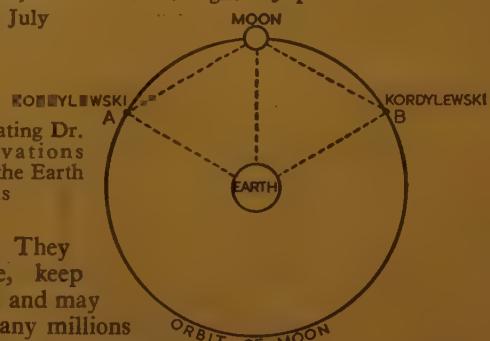
On the whole, it seems unlikely that the Earth would have a natural satellite at a distance of much greater than 2,000,000 miles, and it may be assumed that even a 12th-magnitude body would have been detected long ago. Therefore, our hypothetical satellite must be a real dwarf, considerably less than a mile across, and probably not even approximately spherical.

Searches have been made from time to time. The latest and most exhaustive was carried out by C. Tombaugh, the American astronomer who discovered the planet Pluto in 1930. The method is, of course, photographic; a relatively nearby satellite would shift appreciably against the starry background even in a few minutes, and so would betray its nature. This is also the way in which new asteroids (minor planets) are detected, though since the asteroids are much farther away the time interval needed is longer. Tombaugh met with no success, but a recent announcement from Poland has brought the whole matter into prominence again.

According to the report, K. Kordylewski, of Cracow Observatory, has been conducting a search ever since 1951, mainly at Kasprov Wierch and Lomnica in the Polish mountains. In 1961, March 6 and April 6, two photographs taken from

Kasprov Wierch revealed two faint 'clouds' moving in the same orbit as the Moon, and presumably consisting of meteoric debris. The objects should again be observable from Poland in January of next year; meanwhile Kordylewski has gone to South Africa to undertake further studies of them.

The most significant part of this report is that Kordylewski states that his 'clouds' are moving in the same orbit as the Moon. There is an analogy here with the Trojan asteroids which move in the same orbit as Jupiter. In fact there are two groups of Trojans, one of them 60 degrees ahead of Jupiter and the other



Right: diagram illustrating Dr. Kordylewski's observations about the theory that the Earth has three moons

60 degrees behind. They do not, of course, keep together in a clump, and may be spread out by many millions of miles, but the 60-degree points represent their average positions, and there is no fear of their suffering a close encounter with Jupiter. They represent an interesting example of the so-called 'three-body problem'.

The same is true of Kordylewski's reported objects. If they occupied positions A or B in the diagram, they would behave in the same way as the Trojans, and would be in no danger of colliding with the Moon. A body at A would keep approximately 60 degrees ahead of the Moon, while a body at B would keep 60 degrees behind. (This is very much of an over-simplification, since all sorts of perturbations have to be taken into account, but the general principle is clear enough.)

So far, Kordylewski's observations are completely unconfirmed, and it would be unwise to come to any definite conclusions; there may well be serious errors of interpretation. In any case, it is not likely that the objects, even if they exist in the same orbit

as the Moon, are proper satellites, and the idea of a loose collection of meteoric debris is much more plausible. Further comment at the moment is rather pointless, and must be kept until the objects are confirmed—which may well be difficult.

In passing, it may be worth referring to an old theory according to which the Earth has a second satellite lying behind the Moon, and so permanently concealed by the lunar disk. This is ingenious, but is completely unsound. For one thing, perturbations produced by other bodies in the Solar System would soon destroy the alignment of Earth, Moon, and second satellite; for another, a body moving at a distance greater than that of the Moon would necessarily have a longer period of revolution, and could not possibly keep behind the Moon for long. (Perturbations also dispose of another old idea—that of a 'counter-Earth', a planet moving in the same orbit as our own, but on the far side of the Sun.)

All things considered, then, it seems that a minor satellite with a diameter of as much as 25 miles is almost out of the question; since it has not been detected, it would have to be so remote that it could probably not be permanently retained by the Earth. Even a satellite with half this diameter is most unlikely. If there are any

undiscovered attendants, they must be so small that they cannot be regarded as true satellites, but rather as tiny meteoric particles. Discussion of Kordylewski's observations must be deferred until further information is to hand, but in any case his 'clouds' cannot be actual satellites, though aggregations of meteoric debris moving in the lunar orbit cannot be entirely ruled out.

Yet it can no longer be said that the Earth has only one Moon. During the last few years many artificial satellites have been launched, and once in orbit they behave in precisely the same way as natural bodies. This is a new development in the story of the Solar System, and where it will lead us we do not yet know. By now our world has an impressive retinue of attendants, even though all except one have been created by man.

—From the B.B.C. Television programme of October 30, in which Patrick Moore was talking to Colin A. Ronan

Patrick Moore's *Astronomy* (Oldbourne Press, 35s.), which the author describes as 'a book for amateurs, written by an amateur', relates for the layman the history and achievements of astronomy. It is attractively produced, with more than 400 illustrations, many of them in colour.

Large-scale Electronics

By JOHN SYKES

ELECTRICAL engineers concerned with the supply of electrical energy have found, in recent years, that among the more important problems they have to face is that of transmitting more and more energy over longer and longer distances. One of the solutions they have adopted is to use high voltage direct current instead of the more usual alternating current, generally employed on the three-phase principle, with fifty alternations per second.

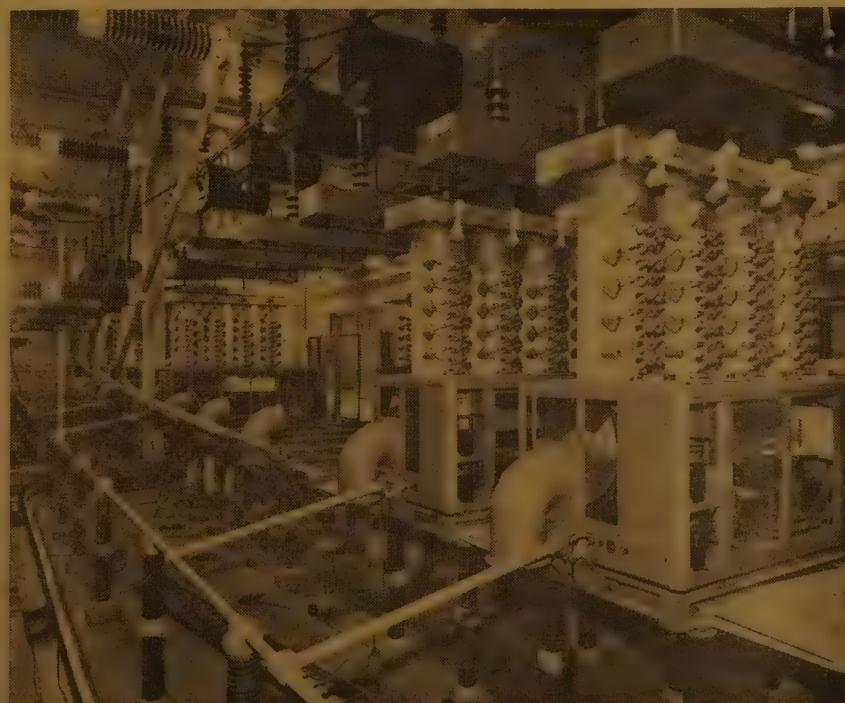
The largest direct current scheme so far constructed, the power link across the English Channel to join together the electrical networks of Britain and France, is nearly complete. In fact, a few weeks ago, on October 3, power was first experimentally exchanged between the two countries; and a day or two later I watched the testing operations taking place. The equipment at Lydd, in Kent, which converts alternating current from the 275,000-volt British grid system to direct current at 200,000 volts, contains the largest electronic valves ever built, each one weighing over five tons. But on a visit to Sweden a few weeks ago I saw under development even larger valves, for the direct current connexion which is now under construction to join the islands of New Zealand.

There are at present two direct current power links actually in operation. The Swedish island of Gotland is coupled to the mainland by a direct current cable sixty miles long, and there is a link between Moscow and Kashira, seventy miles long, which is operated not so much as an essential power link as on an experimental basis. The

Russians are building an important direct current scheme, 370 miles long, linking Stalingrad with the Donbass area, and operating at 800,000 volts.

Why direct current? Alternating current, with its ease of conversion to higher or lower voltages, will continue to be the system used for generation and for distribution. Why, then, is direct current being used in an increasing number of cases as part of the network between the generating station and the user? First, it should be made clear that high voltage direct current is only used—and is only likely to be used—for very large powers, of say at least 100,000 kilowatts, and for very long distances for overhead lines (say 200 to 300 miles), or for underground or submarine cables over about twenty miles. This restricted use arises from the extra cost of the conversion equipment that has to be installed at each end of the link.

But direct current, used in its proper setting, has many advantages. It needs only two conductors, in place of three for the normal three-phase alternating current system: and in a few cases where current can be allowed to flow through the sea or the earth on the return path, only one conductor is necessary. Again, one of the most costly parts of any electric power transmission line is the vital insulation which prevents leakages of the current; porcelain or glass for overhead lines, impregnated paper within a lead sheath for cables. With an alternating current system, the insulation has to withstand the maximum value of the crest of the voltage wave; and that crest



The valves at the converter station at Lydd, Kent, under construction



The meeting point between the British grid system, covering the whole country, and the cross-Channel cable: the pylon carries 275,000 volts and is the end of the line from Canterbury to the converter station at Lydd

John Sykes

value is higher than the *useful* value, and so some of the expensive insulating capacity is wasted. In a direct current system the crest value of the voltage is the useful value, so there is no waste of insulation.

These two points—two conductors instead of three, and sometimes only one conductor; and better utilization of the expensive insulation—form the main economic advantages of direct current. But there are two more advantages, perhaps equally important. When two alternating current generators, or groups of generators, are linked together by an overhead line or cable, they must keep in step with each other: that means, of course, that the speed with which they revolve must be exactly the same in the two cases. If the power cable that now links England and France had to try to work on the alternating current system, it would mean that every one of the hundreds of large generators in England would at all times have to keep in exact step with all the hundreds of large generators in France; otherwise the current that would flow through the cable would become too great, and it would become automatically disconnected through overload.

With a direct current link, this problem, which would have been very difficult to solve, does not arise.

When the sea, or a wide river, has to be crossed, or when power has to be carried into heavily built-up urban areas, underground cables must be used. By its very nature a cable is a giant condenser (or capacitor, as we now call these devices) which temporarily stores electrical energy in its insulated parts. A cable, say fifty miles long, operating at a pressure of 100,000 volts, would be charged and discharged with every alternation of current, and this charging current, as it is called, would reach such large proportions that a cable this long would become completely impracticable. And so, in the case of cables of this voltage, and higher voltage, it simply is not possible to use them at all, on alternating current, for distances of over about thirty-five miles.

What about the disadvantages of using direct current? The converter equipment at each end of the link is costly: about twice or three times the price of the corresponding alternating current transformer stations. This extra cost can be justified only when the line is so long or the power is so great that the advantages gained on the cheaper costs of the line outweigh the dearer costs of the equipment at the two ends, or when long submarine cables are concerned. No switches have so far been designed that are suitable for high voltage direct current, so that intermediate tapping points along a transmission line cannot yet be provided. There is also the problem, with direct current lines, of providing what is called the reactive power—power where the current is out of step with the voltage—for the operation of converter equipment.

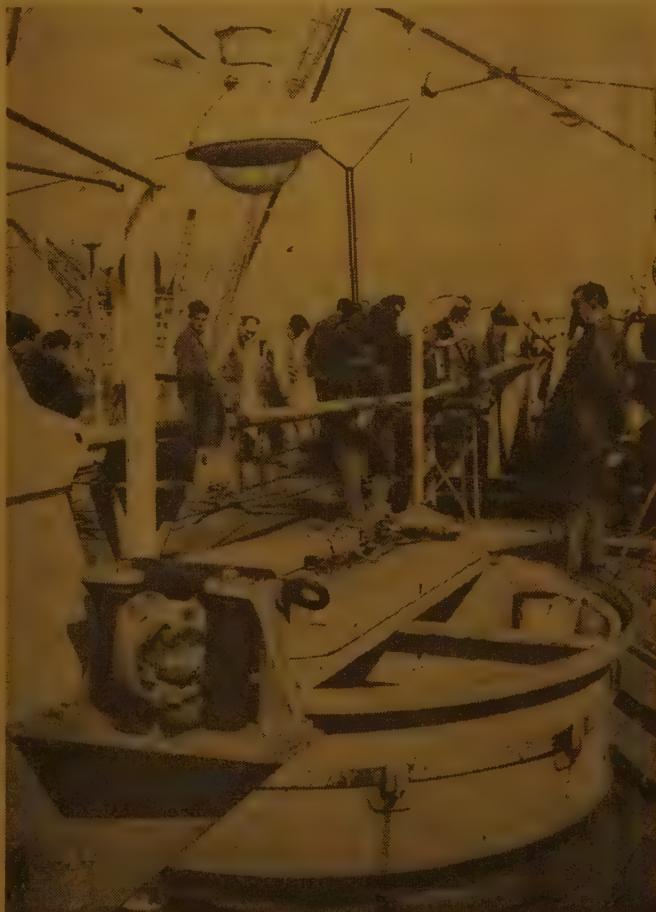
But these disadvantages are outweighed by positive advantages, where suitable applications are considered. The heart of a high voltage direct current power transmission system is the converter. This contains huge valves, each weighing over five tons and about thirteen feet long, five feet wide, and ten feet high. There is an exhausted container—full of vacuum, as the designers rather oddly say—an anode at one end, a cathode at the other, and in between there is a grid. All these features are to be found in the ordinary radio valve, weighing only an ounce or less: but the large-power valves have this difference: they use a cathode made

up of a pool of mercury, and the valve contains a little mercury vapour.

With a mercury arc valve, as it is called, of this kind the current applied to the valve can only pass in one direction—from the anode, at the top, to the cathode at the bottom: as it does so it sets up the arc, from which the valve takes its name. Current can only flow when the anode is positive with respect to the cathode. When this happens, electrons are emitted by the mercury cathode, and these electrons, passing through the plasma which exists in the valve envelope, collide with the mercury vapour molecules and so a state of ionization is set up. Ions, of course, are atoms with an excess positive charge, having lost one of their electrons. The anode, being made to be positive with respect to the cathode, attracts electrons, and the cathode, being negative, attracts positive ions; and this is the process needed for the conduction of current.

Suppose now that in the path between the mercury pool cathode, at the bottom, and the anode at the top, there is a mesh, or grid, through which the electron and ion flow must take place. This grid is the means whereby

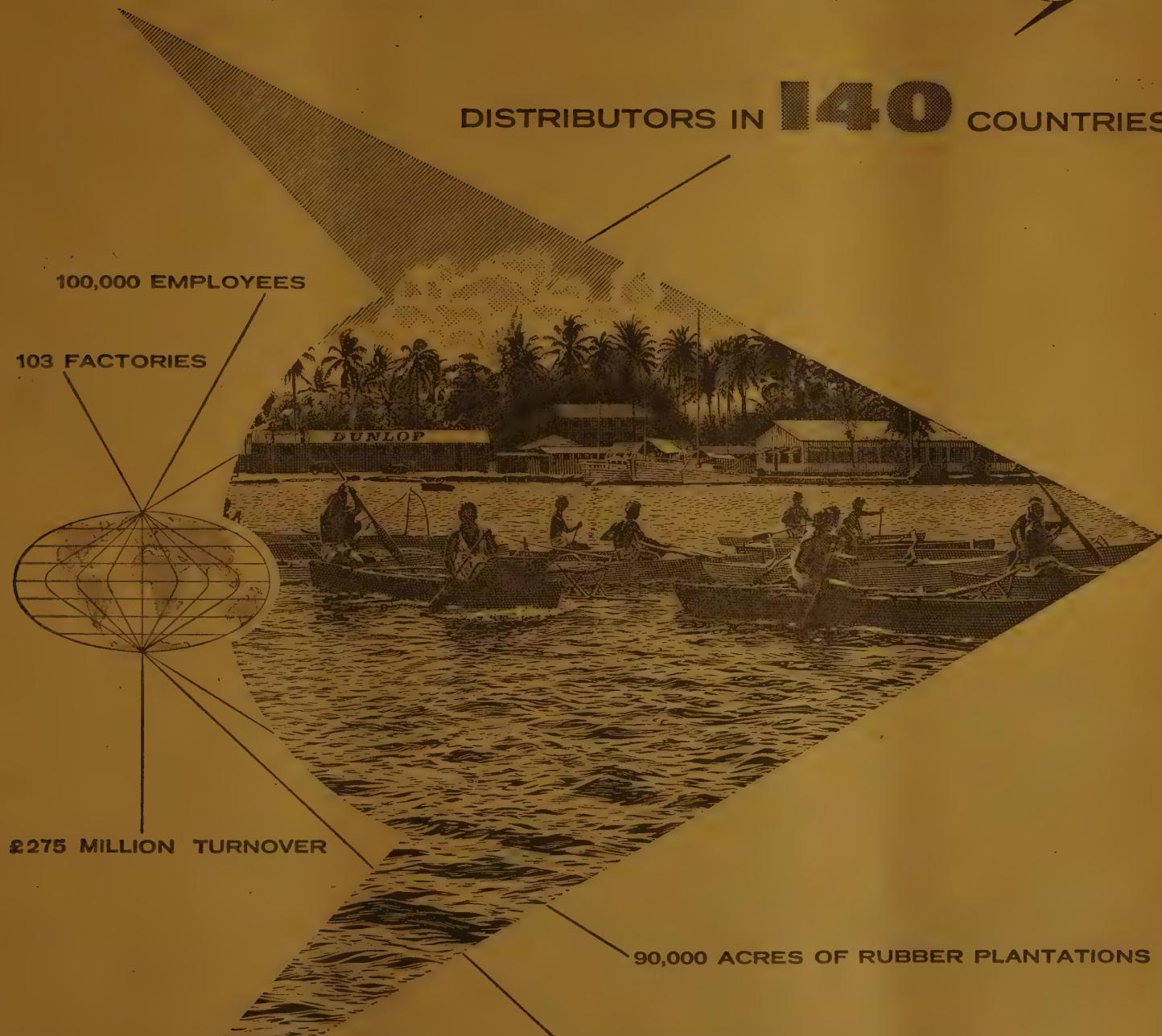
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Loading the cross-Channel cable on to the French Postes et Télé-communications ship 'Ampère' at Calais

John Sykes

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DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 1-7

Wednesday, November 1

The new Bill to control immigration is published

Seventy-six Muslims are killed during demonstrations in Algeria on seventh anniversary of nationalist revolt

U.S. Navy lands doctors and supplies in British Honduras, struck by a hurricane

Thursday, November 2

Bank rate is lowered from 6½ to 6 per cent.

President Kennedy says the United States is making preparations to resume nuclear tests if this becomes necessary

Katanga claims to have repulsed invasion by troops of central Congolese government

Friday, November 3

H.R.H. Princess Margaret gives birth to a son

U Thant of Burma is unanimously elected by the U.N. General Assembly as Acting Secretary-General

Plans for the launching of Europe's first satellite in 1965 are announced by the Minister of Aviation

Britain is to import methane, natural gas, from North Africa by 1964

Saturday, November 4

Agreement is reached in Bonn, Federal German Republic, on the formation of a coalition government between the Christian Democrats and the Free Democrats

Two bombs explode in Accra, as capital of Ghana prepares for Queen's visit

Sunday, November 5

Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, flies to Ghana for consultations about the forthcoming visit by the Queen

Russia says she has 'complete moral justification' in carrying out the same number of nuclear tests as have been made by three Western Powers

Monday, November 6

More bomb incidents take place in Accra

Recruiting figures for the Army rose last September to highest monthly total for eight years

National Coal Board announces that twenty Scottish collieries are to be closed next year

Tuesday, November 7

Dr. Adenauer is re-elected Chancellor of the Federal German Republic for the fourth time

The Finnish Foreign Minister to visit Moscow for talks with Mr. Gromyko



Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, saying goodbye to Mr. Harold Macmillan after lunching with him at Admiralty House last Saturday. Mr. Nehru was on his way to Washington for talks with President Kennedy



Her Majesty the Queen talking to Eamonn Andrews (left) after watching the children's programme 'Crackerjack' during her visit to B.B.C. Television Centre on November 2. Her visit marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the service



A photograph taken in Red Square, Moscow, last week after the removal of Stalin's body from the Lenin Mausoleum: only Lenin's name now remains inscribed over the entrance. Stalin was denounced by Mr. Khrushchev at the recent Soviet Communist Party Congress



The wreckage of homes in Belize, capital of British Honduras, after a hurricane struck the coast there last week. Three-quarters of the buildings in the city were destroyed and it is to be rebuilt further inland. More than 300 people lost their lives



Left: a family from Tristan da Cunha have their first sight of England from the deck of the 'Stirling Castle' on November 3. More than 200 islanders, made homeless by the eruption of Tristan's volcano last month, are being settled in this country



Snowball, a young llama at Whipsnade Zoo, gives a lift to Chi-Chi, a pygmy marmoset

Thurber, the American cartoonist and writer, who died last week at the age of sixty-six. He was a regular contributor to *The New Yorker* in 1927 and 1928, and his drawings and articles, which appeared in many books, were published on both sides of the Atlantic. His publications included *Is There a God?*, *The Thurber Carnival*, *Alarms and Diversions*, and *Collected Cartoons*.



'Leave it your way—you
and a seal bark'
in Me (Hansie Harrison)

Left: Australia's new radio-telescope at Parkes, New South Wales, officially commissioned last week by the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle. One of the most powerful in the world, it can receive radio waves from 5,000,000,000 light years away. The telescope will later be made available to scientists from overseas

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(concluded from page 768)

control is applied to the valve. Its main function is to stop the valve from setting up its conducting arc until an appropriate point in the positive half-cycle of the alternating current is reached. It cannot halt the discharge—the arc—once it has started: but as the alternating current system causes the voltage applied to the anode to pass through a zero point twice in a cycle, or complete alternation, what the grid can do is to prevent the arc discharge, which carries the current, from starting again until the right moment has arrived.

In this way, only so much of the alternating current wave as the grid will allow is permitted to flow through the valve, and to pass onwards into the direct current circuit. This is how control of the direct current power flow is achieved. The valve serves not only as a rectifier, converting alternating current into direct current, but—at the other end of the direct current link—as an inverter, turning direct current into alternating current: and it can change instantaneously from one duty to the other, as often as required. This means that the power flow can take place in either direction.

The problems that appeared when valves of this kind were first designed, about twenty years ago, in Sweden, were found to be very formidable indeed. There is still no complete theory to account for the behaviour of the plasma, the hot mixture of ions and electrons which dances about in a random fashion. In early designs failures appeared with monotonous frequency, mainly owing to the valve 'back-firing', or conducting both ways at once and so causing a momentary short circuit.

Hundreds of valve designs have been tried out in Sweden, where all the valves used anywhere in the world, except those made in Russia, have so far been designed and tested. At Trollhättan, not far from Gothenburg, I spent some time recently at the valve testing station. Three of these huge valves were under test, and outside was a sub-station connected to the national Swedish grid system, bringing into the test station enough power for the needs of a small town, just to test the valves.

The converter equipment installed at Lydd, near Dungeness, in Kent, and at Echinghen, near Boulogne, for the cross-Channel link is housed in large air-conditioned rooms, since the valves have to be protected against moisture,

dust, and cold air. There are two converters in each station, connected in series. Each of the two converters contains six valves, to give rectification both ways, and a seventh valve, called the by-pass, that takes over momentarily if any of the other valves should back-fire. Each converter gives 100,000 volts, direct current, and the two are connected in series to give 200,000 volts, and this is the voltage which is applied to the two cables crossing the Channel. The current is 800 amperes, so the power exchange capacity is 160,000 kilowatts, enough for all the needs of a large town.

Future direct current schemes under active discussion include one to link the island of Sardinia to the mainland of Italy, using a submarine cable about 100 miles long; links between Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany; interconnexions across the St. Lawrence river in Canada; and several other power links in various parts of the world. These enormous valves are among the greatest triumphs of modern electrical engineering, and tribute should be paid to the work of Dr. Uno Lamm of Sweden, whose faith in this development, only recently shared by anyone else in the world, is at last finding its reward.—*Network Three*

The Making of Works of History

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

WE HUMAN BEINGS find it strangely difficult to enter imaginatively into other people's experiences. We may know about these with our minds but we do not easily feel them in our hearts, unless we have had at least a taste of the same experiences ourselves. The historian's job is to enter imaginatively into the experiences of large numbers of his fellow human beings; and, except when he is writing the history of his own times, his subjects will be people who are remote from him in time, and perhaps in space as well. It is evident that, for a historian, even the slightest experience of the kind of thing that he is setting out to record and to describe will be invaluable.

It is therefore presumably no accident that some of the greatest historians have been people who became historians in spite of themselves. They have been men of action who, in mid career, have been thrown out of the world of active public affairs by one of those accidents that so often befall politicians. They have been exiles or deportees, who have taken to writing history because they have been excluded from public life. And the break in their careers, which has been a misfortune for them as public men, has made their fortunes in their new and undesired role of being historians.

The Athenian historians Thucydides and Xenophon and the English historian Clarendon were exiles. The Florentine historian Machiavelli had been disgraced and banished from the city to a rural retreat. Machiavelli found this dull, because he had previously had the exciting job of being secretary to the government of the Florentine Republic. Clarendon had been King Charles I's political adviser and King Charles II's prime minister before he had been disgraced and exiled by an ungrateful sovereign. Xenophon was an Athenian soldier of fortune who had been forbidden to return to Athens because he had

fallen under suspicion there of being pro-Spartan. Thucydides was a junior Athenian naval commander who had been banished for having failed to prevent a brilliant Spartan military commander from winning a damaging success. All of these famous historians would have preferred to live out their lives in public life if they had been given the option.

Yet one can hardly maintain that their fortunate misfortunes were the whole and sole cause of their greatness. Thucydides tells us, in the first sentence of his history of the great Atheno-Peloponnesian war, that he began to write this immediately after the war had broken out, and that he was moved to do so because he foresaw that this war would be more worth writing about than any war that had ever been waged before. Here we have put our finger on another agent, besides Fortune, that had had a hand in the making of Thucydides's greatness. Thucydides's genius was in him from the start, and it showed itself in his intuition that the outbreak of the Atheno-Peloponnesian War was no ordinary event, but was one that marked a turning point in Greek history.

This creative gift of intuition is sometimes capable of bringing great works of history to birth in minds whose practical experience has been trivial. Gibbon has noted that his experience as a yeomanry captain who never saw active service was of some use to him as the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. This may be true, but it was not this rather humdrum experience that inspired Gibbon's magnificent history; it was a flash of intuition, which came to him, later on, in Rome, when he was making the grand tour of Europe.

Sitting on the Capitol one evening, he heard the sound of chanting coming from a Christian church that had once been a pagan temple; and

this sound sent racing through his mind a series of thoughts that were pregnant with the work that was going to occupy him for twenty years. When that church had been a temple, the Christians had been outlaws on the run in the catacombs. Now that the temple had become a church, most of the monuments of pagan Rome that had not been consecrated to Christian use had fallen into ruins, and these ruins were spread, at this moment, before Gibbon's eyes. In the last of the seventy-one chapters to which Gibbon's history eventually ran, he sums up the whole of it in a sentence. 'I have described', he writes, 'the triumph of barbarism and religion'. This sentence, which he wrote in 1787, goes back to the flash of insight that had visited him in 1764.

I cannot close without naming an eminent historian who was my own contemporary and my friend, and whose work I immensely admire. Lewis Namier's practical experience was as slight as Edward Gibbon's—or as my own, for that matter. Namier and I served together, in our early days, as temporary Foreign Office clerks during the first world war. This was the modest stock of practical experience with which Namier set up in business as a historian; and the technique that he chose was severely scientific. His regular approach to writing the history of public affairs was to make a maximum collection of case-studies and then to process these by statistical methods to draw his general conclusions. He did this with magnificent industry and skill; but, if this had been all that he did, he would not have been the great historian that he was. Namier's statistics served his intuition as a spring-board, and this is what made him great. In fact, in the making of great works of history, it is the historian's nature, not his fortune, that has the last word.

—*'The World of Books' (Home Service)*

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My parents have an electrical appliance which, at 7.25 each morning, brews a pot of tea and rings an alarm. My cat soon discovered that if he went into my parents' bedroom at this time he would be given a saucer of milk.

However, on Saturday and Sunday the alarm is often not set until 9 a.m. or much later, and no one moves at all before this time. The cat still goes into my parents' bedroom at 7.25, and walks on top of my mother until he is given his milk. I doubt that the cat relies on the daylight for his timing, because we live in a large city and on some mornings at 7.25 there is complete gloom, while on others it will be brilliantly sunny at this time; nor can he rely on the movement of humans as there is none on the days when the alarm is set late. I would be interested to hear of a physiological explanation to his behaviour, which he developed in a few weeks.

Yours, etc.,
Oxford CHRISTOPHER R. JENNINGS

Listening with Eye and Ear

Sir,—The presentation of music on television, as Mr. Lionel Salter says (THE LISTENER, November 2), restores the lost sense of sight. Unfortunately, however, it does not bring any real quality of sound; and this is indeed a prime consideration. To one used to listening at home to music reproduced (whether from the B.B.C. F.M. sound broadcasts or from records) by a high quality amplifier and matching loudspeaker system, this relative lack of sound quality out-

weighs by far the advantages gained from the visual image.

Not only are the relatively poor amplifying stages and the indifferent loudspeaker installations in even the most costly television sets incapable of providing the full and almost distortion-free sound of a genuine 'high-fidelity' system (or even the standard reached by a good radiogram): the quality of the television A.M. sound transmissions cannot match that of F.M.

Until, therefore, I can look at and listen to television music whose sound quality is as good as it might be, I shall continue to listen to music through my amplifier—perhaps with my eyes closed—reserving television for plays, discussions and features, at which it excels and to which sound quality is less vital.

Yours, etc.,
Brighton K. G. RIDGEWELL

Birth Control and Human Fulfilment

Sir,—Mr. Michael Swan (THE LISTENER, October 26) quotes Sir Julian Huxley's remark that in the absence of the restriction of population growth by birth control, 'human fulfilment is cut down'.

Mr. Swan tries, very ineffectually I submit, to justify the opposite view. One can accept his point that childlessness is a cause of psychological upset, but not the wholesale condemnation of birth control that he proceeds to found on it. 'If birth control ever does become the accepted thing there will be no human fulfil-

ment . . .'. For most people in Great Britain birth control has indeed become the accepted thing. I cannot see that human fulfilment (however assessed) has vanished on that account. Birth control increases the power of individuals to influence their own destiny and reduces the fortuitous element in life. Does this nullify human fulfilment? Moreover, is Mr. Swan not aware that many couples to whom nature had denied fertility owe that gift to birth-control clinics?

'Disappointing and puzzling', wrote Mr. Swan of Sir Julian's remark. Many readers will think this applies rather to Mr. Swan's own attitude.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.4 ALLARD H. JOHNSON

'Traffle-gah'

Sir,—The Oxford English Dictionary indicates that the pronunciation—now archaic—was originally 'Trafalgár'; and Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places* further enlightens us with the Hispano-Arabic name Taraf al-ghar (the pro-

masonry of the cave).

Not only Thomas Hardy but also Rudyard Kipling availed himself of the accented last syllable: 'Puck's Song' begins:

See you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar.

Yours, etc.,
St. Leonards-on-Sea FREDERICK G. RICHFORD

Totalitarian Approaches to Diplomacy

(concluded from page 755)

further than where your armies stood in 1945, sometimes less far. Considering your advantages, your progress has been slight. Do you ever ask yourself why?

'I think I can tell you the answer. It is because your diplomatic methods, of which you are so proud, are not really very good. Have you noticed the double standard the world applies to you and to us? If the Americans had been the first to resume nuclear testing, what a clamour there would have been! You got off very lightly. You may think this an advantage. But it really shows the low opinion the world has of you. The Americans and the Western countries are expected to behave well; you are not. This is because the Western countries are respected and you are not. Your ferociously uncompromising tactics win fear, not respect. They have driven your enemies into a coalition and kept the rest of the world aloof from you. Where you have seemed to make progress it was by threatening violence, as in Czechoslovakia, and threats of violence don't work very well any more because, as you yourself say, violence is now too dangerous to use as a weapon of policy, and so wise men ignore your threats, the rockets you are always rattling, your talk of hostages; you cannot carry out these threats because you yourself would suffer too much if you did, and so we are all coming to realize that if we sit tight nothing will happen to us'.

Warming to my work, I would say to my Soviet friend: 'There's another reason for your

recent failure to advance diplomatically, and that is that no one trusts you. In a diplomatic negotiation there is no more valuable asset than the knowledge that points once agreed will stay agreed, but this asset you don't possess. The recent test ban negotiations at Geneva showed you at your worst at this. Nor is it new; Professor Craig quotes from one of my predecessors in Moscow, Sir Esmond Ovey, a description of how Litvinov, your late Foreign Minister, used frequently to appear to be on the point of agreeing to suggestions made to him, but in practice, when pressed for any definite statement, invariably reverted to his original point of view. But of course it is worse than this, agreements actually signed and sealed remain valid for you only so long as they suit your convenience. A reputation for unreliability in matters of this kind makes the successful practice of diplomacy almost impossible.

'In fact, as Sir Harold Nicolson pointed out in his Chichele Lectures*, what you practise is not diplomacy at all. It is a system of imposing your will on other nations by a variety of means, trickery, intimidation, in certain cases war. Provided we don't take it for negotiation and don't try to meet it with concessions in the hope of a give and take, it isn't really so difficult to deal with as it looks. What we need to do is to let you know as plainly and unprovocatively as we can what we can and cannot accept, to stick to that unmoved by threats, not to make unjustified demands on you and to accept none from you.

You cannot force us and we cannot force you: A real negotiation with you, in our sense, is not now possible; but perhaps one day you will give up your absurd idea of an unrelenting struggle with us, and then we can talk sensibly.'

I have given my imaginary Soviet diplomat a rough time, much assisted by the fact that he is imaginary. If he had been here I should not have got off so lightly. The fact is that I have found it difficult to put up a good case for him, and this in itself is a measure of the gulf between us. If he had been an American or a Frenchman I could have made him much more convincing; I can think of all sorts of valid arguments the French or the Americans could use against us. But we should be operating within a framework of agreed ideas, what Callières called the *commerce d'avis réciproque*, and no such framework is accepted by the Russians. To them, we have no joint interests, in the long run; not even the preservation of peace, since just wars are to them still conceivable. For us, negotiation with them can only be a means of demonstrating, in the most concrete terms, that what they want is not available; the idea that there can be mutually profitable agreements is not reconcilable with their basic philosophy. And so it was really impossible for me to put for the Soviet diplomat a case that would convince a Western audience. Perhaps the real answer is that you ought to hear him for yourselves, and form your own conclusions.

—Third Programme

* *Evolution of Diplomatic Method*. Constable, 1954.

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

MANY SCULPTORS and artists must have given thanks during the last forty years, in the privacy of their studios, that Epstein had drawn off much of the fire and smoke of public outrage from their own heads. It was not cowardice on the part of his fellows but a practical instinct for conserving energy for the job in hand. Epstein may not have been involved in the most significant aesthetic battles but he fought in some of the biggest and noisiest and most disruptive of them. His own work was hardly improved by his committal to public involvement: in retrospect he seems to have been a willing, even an instinctive, martyr: perhaps an art which relies on a public echo for reassurance will always tend to ring hollow after some time. A further time may come when the exotically inscribed surfaces of his carvings and bronzes will supply a vitamin content for an aesthetic environment, but at present it is difficult to look at the memorial exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery without feeling that the artist's own deficiencies may be fatal to his chances of survival.

Central to this suggested weakness, as exposed in the drawings in this exhibition, is Epstein's inability to grasp and therefore to express the internal thrusts and tensions of a physique: such a grasp of the body makes its external surface, however sensuous, a vehicle for controlled dramatic expression. An artist as 'painterly' by nature as Matisse has shown that an odalisque can have an organic structure, and as the visitor to the Tate Gallery has first to walk past Matisse's four monumental bronze backs he is given, by this chance prologue, a standard to apply which no work in the Epstein exhibition can approach.

The Lynn Chadwick exhibition at the New London Gallery has the advantage of being a less inclusive affair; one can regard his recent work with more or less enthusiasm without feeling compelled to estimate the artist's ultimate status as a sculptor of our time. One can look at the variations and developments of one or two primary images and reckon the degree of growth he has made, where a part form on a small scale begins to impress as a sombre image on a larger scale, or where the more intense, spiky and biting forms of earlier works have given way to something smoother and enveloping, less aggressive and devouring. The two kinds of drawing which accompany the statuary divide into constructive ideas, still attached to the sculpture, and more elegant and suave sheets of one, two or three figures which are pictures in their own right—as though in their Sunday best.

The paintings of Lawrence Calcagno, an American of Italian parentage, now showing at McRoberts and Tunnard's, have an air of pastoral abstraction which should make them sympathetic to English taste. The rich hues and tones and the delicate handling of the paint lying over rough surfaces is an equivalent

picture is made dark or strong and this sets up the proposition that the forms and the tonality of the whole painting are modulated to hold that one point, that awareness of its comparative density makes pictorial sense of the total picture. But it does not always do so: sometimes it makes the structure brittle as if likely to disperse at any moment, rather than subtle and likely to bind it all together. Look at the Sickert 'Queenie Lawrence on the stage at Gatti's, Hungerford (1880)' in the next room where, admittedly in a low tone scale, the artist allows maximum atmospheric exploration of the viewer's eye without yielding an inch of significance of the complete design.

The exhibition of Souza's recent work at Gallery One contains several of his best pictures to date, and others which point towards some energetic and fruitful works to come. There is no doubt about the intensity with which he works or the assurance with which he pronounces his intentions on canvas. The range as well as the scale of his work is increasing, so that a poetry comes through his quieter paintings, like a lull in a storm, which might, seen singly, evade the viewer. A portrait of a notable art critic is a disturbing image in that, while the subject is granted five eyes (at least) it is not clear whether this is a compliment or a suggestion.

The drawings and water-colours of Marcel Gromaire at the Mayor Gallery are as refreshing and well-



Greek drinking cup, last third of the sixth century B.C.: from one of the Vase Rooms recently reopened at the British Museum

physical form to the manner in which many people look at nature—an energetic structure modified, enhanced, and given poetry by a flood of emotive colour. His pictures accumulate richness as they proceed, and if the results are sometimes uneven, too rich a mixture or too shallow a structure underneath to support their implied drama, one is likely to enjoy sharing these risks with the artist.

Kit Barker's pastoral paintings at the Waddington are at once recognizable as a more native product; a smooth fluid brushwork coaxing lyrical sensations from twilight countryside, usually within sound of the sea; it is as if the constant rhythm of breaking waves spilled his paint strokes against one another, drawing back his arm as trickles of phosphorescent white slip around the forms, giving a momentary and ambiguous definition to their shape and weight.

The high-keyed tones of the milky-white interiors painted by Pierre Lesieur at the Leicester Galleries are transformations prompted by similar emotions but owe more to the *intimiste* tradition and vision of a painter like Bonnard. Some small point in nearly every

come as postcards from an old friend—they remind and promise pleasure rather than anxiety and responsibility. Some thirty small works, made between 1939 and 1961, they suggest that all is well in old familiar places, in beds and on beaches and in cafés; that idealization is not the sole property of the young and that in art certain experiences count.

The gallery, now almost an interior courtyard, containing the illustrations of Greek and Roman life at the British Museum, has a prettily playing fountain the bottom of which already collects votive coinage. The same department has recently reopened two of the four Vase Rooms closed since the war which supplement the 'treasure' cases in the King Edward VII Gallery. In a practical manner the vases are presented in rows as in a library, unfortunately not to be borrowed. They contain the larger part of the collection from the ninth to the late fifth century B.C. and may be regarded aesthetically as a ravishing sequence of the art of Greek painting.

The Sculpture of Marino Marini has text by Eduard Trier and photographs by Helmut Lederer. It is published by Thames and Hudson (£4 4s.).

Augustus John, O.M.: 1878-1961

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

DURING MOST of the years of his long life Augustus John enjoyed the reputation of a great artist; in 1954 Sir Gerald Kelly even observed that he had 'dominated painting in England for fifty years'. But this, in the sense in which

But John's robust intelligence, his large interest in humanity and his gift for rapid and often very penetrating comment seem to have encouraged him to be content with a summary brilliance of execution. He said his say, in de-



'The Blue Pool', by Augustus John: in Aberdeen Art Gallery

Picasso may be said to have dominated painting in France, is just what John did not do, for his work had surprisingly little effect on the general development of painting in this country. This was largely because the more important works of his later years were all portraits, and to most artists of our time portraiture, or at least such portraiture as might commend itself to artists as well as to sitters, seems to be a lost art which they cannot hope to revive. Apart from Epstein in sculpture, John was about the last artist of the present century who could make a prosperous living out of this branch of art while at the same time producing works which required attention from serious students of painting.

One must ask if it was a pity that he should have taken this course. The best of his portraits have an immense audacity and assurance and they have, indeed, much the same effect as the brilliant and highly independent judgments of character that appear throughout his book of autobiographical jottings, *Chiaroscuro*. In this book John observed that he did not like his sitters to comment on their portraits because they might corrupt the artist's vision and 'to see with other people's eyes is the secret of successful mediocrity'. John himself certainly never saw with other people's eyes, and in such portraits as those of Wyndham Lewis, T. W. Earp, Gogarty, and Shaw we have an incomparably vivid record and what seems to be a most exact impression of the minds of these men. To this extent he did what no other English artist of his time—except, once again, Epstein—could do.

cisive accents, and that was enough; a more searching definition of form, an attempt to knit the design more closely together, might have blunted the sharp edge of his perception of the sitter's character. He acquired a habit of rough command until it became apparent even when least appropriate, as in the paintings of flowers he executed from time to time.

Yet John was trained in a very gentle art and brought up among the faint lights and delicate vapours of the New English Art Club. In his earliest drawings he added a final touch of perfection to all that he could take from Steer and Tonks, echoing at times the style of the great draughtsmen of the past whom he had been encouraged to study, but discovering for himself a new strain of sweet though unconventional beauty in the faces of young women and children. The paintings with which he first made his reputation and which remain by far the most attractive of his works were equally brilliant but equally circumspect. These were small panels in which he depicted his own family against landscape backgrounds of Wales or, as he himself wrote, 'in a setting of olive or pine trees, against the speckled hills or the blue Etang bordered by distant amethyst cliffs'.

This description gives a very exact impression of these works; their colour is jewelled and poetic and 'speckled hills' well suggests the new insistence on pattern which was a feature of the style that the example of J. D. Innes must have helped him to form. John himself thought that this patterned style served to compensate for Innes's faulty drawing, but he also observed

that it set free its other exponent, Derwent Lees, from 'academic shackles' and it certainly did the same for him. For the accomplished draughtsman it was also a happy release from virtuosity, from the prize-winning student's approach to the model. It is easy to see what thorough training in drawing from the life lies behind the construction of the simplified figures in these paintings, but the artist was prepared to hide his knowledge and experience and to stop where he might have gained an easier and more obvious triumph.

For an artist of John's temperament it must also have needed great self-control to confine himself to so small a scale, and he did in fact make some attempts to apply this new-found style to monumental design, as in the cartoon for a mural decoration, 'Galway', in the Tate Gallery, or the later and perhaps more affected 'Lyric Fantasy, or the Blue Lake'. But an increasing amount of his more ambitious work was in portraiture, and here the intelligence took charge, one might even say that the man of the world intervened, and he seems to have got out of the way of poetry. In John there were perhaps too many and conflicting talents, too large and generous an appetite for life, to allow the patient cultivation of any single branch of art. The result was that his work seemed to grow backwards and against the usual flow of life, with his later painting all rude energy and his earlier all delicacy and restraint. That, no doubt, is the way to grow if one is out for a full life.

On Walking Slowly

I used to walk quickly
But now I walk slow
I see the sunshine on each leaf
And the spider below.

I know the spider
I know his trick
I see the web shake
As he gives a kick

And I see that the fly he goes for
Is not a fly but a dandelion seed,
He harvests with chagrin
What cannot feed.

I turn to the sunny leaf
From the chagrin below
Knowing never a spider, poor spider,
Could so,

Nor a quick walker either
For he would have seen neither
Leaf nor spider, leaf nor spider,

Ni le chagrin de dandelion seed.

STEVIE SMITH

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Growing: An Autobiography of the Years 1904-1911. By Leonard Woolf. Hogarth Press. 25s.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PLOMER

Sowing, THE FIRST VOLUME of Leonard Woolf's autobiography, was welcomed for its exceptional honesty, intelligence, and ironic humour. It will be remembered that it ended with his departure for Ceylon nearly sixty years ago, accompanied by a fox terrier and ninety large volumes of Voltaire. *Growing* gives a candid and original account of what it was like to be a young English civil servant in an altogether strange environment.

Mr. Woolf has insisted that he is not a brave man, but courage was certainly needed to face the difficulties and assume the responsibilities that awaited him. He makes it clear that he was a very able and conscientious civil servant and that if he had chosen to continue as such he might have risen high in his profession. But beneath the conformity, the apparent conformity, was a man who was different, who could not take accepted values for granted, and who, from the first, turned an independent and critical eye upon his colleagues and what they stood for. In time he turned it upon the imperial system of which he was a functionary, and decided that the system was not for him, so he resigned and returned to England to marry and to pursue a different career in accordance with his inclinations.

Although in Ceylon Mr. Woolf 'saw from the inside British imperialism at its apogee', he went out there as an 'unconscious imperialist': in those days the intelligent young were not necessarily politically minded. Although, he now feels, there was much to be said against British rule in Ceylon, it had its virtues, such as the 'extraordinary absence of the use of force in everyday life and government: Ceylon in 1906 was the exact opposite of a "police state"'. He was in time to go straight into the life and rhythm of an ancient pastoral civilization, and was resourceful and imaginative enough to adapt himself to it. He left behind him (though he does not say so) an enviable reputation among those unfamiliar people over whom, in his twenties, he was put in authority.

In his first volume, unusual as it was, he was on home ground; in the second it is the unfamiliarity of a remote and, as he says, 'brightly coloured stage' that holds the attention. The element of irony, the comedy of his social intercourse with his compatriots, the unblinking light that shines on the autobiographer himself—all these things help to make the book as good as a play. The secret is not in histrionics but in honesty:

The only point in an autobiography is to give, as far as one can, in the most simple, clear, and truthful way, a picture, first of one's own personality and of the people whom one has known, and secondly of the society and age in which one lived.

Those ninety volumes of Voltaire were a testament of clarity and truth—and of scepticism, without which clarity and truth would be un-

attainable. The fox terrier, dashing even for its breed, was more than a pet. The fact is that Mr. Woolf has throughout life been closely attached to animals—including dogs, cats, a leopard, and a marmoset. He is not merely fond of them; he understands their emotions and their minds; he has a sense of their 'cosmic strangeness'. And this sympathy has interestingly fortified his distaste for religions and the 'most elaborate cosmological fantasies which have satisfied or deceived millions of people about the meaning of the universe and their own position in it':

The moment you try to fit into these fantasies my cat, my dog, my leopard, my marmoset, with their strange minds, fears, affections—their souls, if there is such a thing as a soul—you see that they make nonsense of all philosophies and religions.

Even if Mr. Woolf does not choose to go on with his life-story, the two volumes he has published constitute an outstanding autobiography which records directly and freshly the early life of an exceptional man.

Mycenaeans and Minoans

By Leonard R. Palmer. Faber. 30s.

It is odd and rather pathetic that tens of thousands of people should now possess some vague idea about an obscure object called the Knossos Day-Book. This result has been achieved through a campaign of agitation waged by the author of the present work in conjunction with a Sunday newspaper of cultural leanings. Many of these thousands are afflicted with mild *angst* because they cannot see *why* it matters if the Linear B tablets from Knossos were written a century or two later than the conventional date of shortly before 1400 B.C. The truth is that it doesn't matter much, not nearly as much as Professor Palmer makes out; and that if it had not become associated with imputations against a famous archaeologist the subject would have been totally relegated to technical journals, where for the present it certainly belongs.

Indeed, until the author publishes the detailed evidence for his implications, theories and assertions it is absolutely pointless to spend further time over these discussions. The production of yet another vague and popularizing manifesto, this time between hard covers, can only be accounted a wilful act—though perhaps we should not blame the author, for in the whimsical and chaotic 'Biography of the Book' which serves as an introduction he asserts that the book suddenly 'claimed a will of its own'. The date of the tablets—the naïvety of some of Professor Palmer's ideas on this subject is shown in recent numbers of *Antiquity*—is not, however, the only subject of the present work. The author also repeats an argument of his about the date of the first arrival of the Greek-speaking people in Greece, based on a very limited number of intuitions, such as that *Parnassos* is a Luwian name; while the greater part of the book discusses the location of Pylos, the conditions described in the mainland tablets, and so on.

On the more general matters the present

treatment seems to me both less objective and much less interesting than other popular accounts that are available. The generous equipment of plates and text-figures does little to balance this disadvantage, since the former are often but faintly relevant while the latter are often unintelligible to the layman (this applies to many of the drawings of tablets) and, sometimes, like figs. 8 and 25, wrongly described. Professor Palmer's frequent and insidious claims to be using infallible scientific methods may deceive the unwary, and his references to 'analysis', 'further analysis', 'this series of tests', 'this bright microscopic lamp', and so on, are really quite misleading. Unfortunately the tablets and their contents are not normally susceptible to scientific types of demonstration, but call rather for scrupulous care in the reasoned evaluation of *all* the possibilities and probabilities. It is in this that Professor Palmer, whose ingenuity is manifest, is weakest.

He thinks, for example, that because 'by a most extraordinary coincidence' a mixture of poppy-seed, honey and pounded linseed was towed underwater in bags to feed the Sphacteria garrison in the Peloponnesian War, then linseed alone is justified as the sole dry ration for late Bronze-Age coastguards. A broader example of the kind of illogicality that pervades this book is the egregious rejection on several occasions, as though this were something new, of the purely 'etymological' method of interpreting terms on the tablets, combined with the author's implicit acceptance on many other occasions of interpretations based solely on an apparent resemblance to some later Greek word. Similar defects can be seen in the inadequate descriptions and partial assessments of Evans's notes and the Day-Book entries—incidentally the most important evidence, namely Evans's preliminary reports in the *Annual of the British School at Athens*, is still largely ignored. One part of the book I liked: the exceptionally clear defence of the Ventris decipherment. The rest I found misconceived, poorly presented, unconvincingly argued, and surprisingly unreadable.

G. S. KIRK

Tolstoy Remembered. By Sergei Tolstoy.

Translated by Moura Budberg.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

Books about Tolstoy's family life and personal relations form a large pile, and a substantial part of them are reminiscences by several of his numerous children. There now appear in English the unpretentious jottings of the eldest child, Sergei, who like his father lived to be over eighty and died only some fifteen years ago. Sergei wrote these memoirs late in life, but their chief value lies in the author's recollections of his childhood and boyhood on the estate at Yasnaya Polyana, when his father was devoted to writing novels and farming. In those early years of Tolstoy's marriage, the religious crisis, the asceticism, and the agonizing family disputes were still in the future. The children liked the smell of tobacco that hung about their father—he smoked cigarettes rolled by his wife; and 'father at that time was not only not a vege-

tarian but he killed game mercilessly. When he had shot a bird but had failed to kill it, he would pull out a feather and pierce the bird's head with it, and he taught us to do the same'.

It was a splendidly patriarchal life at Yasnaya Polyana. Sergei recalls the English governess Hanna, daughter of the gardener at Windsor Castle (subsequently she married a Georgian prince); the servant who made samovars—'a carefree person and a drunkard'; the servant who made cases for accordions—he was a prey to wild passions, and was especially addicted to wine and women'; and the dancing bears of itinerant showmen—'after the performance was over, it was usual to offer vodka to everybody, including the bear, which when he had drunk some of it, became very jovial and rolled over on his back and seemed to smile'.

Tolstoy was, in his way, devoted to his children, and was particularly fond of telling them stories and reading to them; reading *Around the World in Eighty Days*, he drew pictures to illustrate the story as they went along. But one is not surprised when Sergei writes that though the children loved their father, 'we felt that he obliterated our personalities, so that sometimes we wanted to escape'.

Sergei went to the university and studied the natural sciences. He tried his hand in several fields, without becoming much more than a dilettante; but being the offspring of such a titanic father caused difficulties to most of Tolstoy's children.

The later parts of Sergei's memoirs are less striking. The melancholy story of the growing antipathy between his parents, culminating in the flight of the octogenarian Tolstoy, has been told many times before, in minute and ghoulish detail. But the chapter describing his father's uneasy relationship with Turgenev contains some curious details. It must be regretted that he did not record more of one odd conversation with Turgenev: 'I remember how Turgenev told us that once, in Paris, he had attended a lecture on pornography and that during the lecture experiments had been conducted on the people present'.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

The Law and its Compass. By Lord Radcliffe. Faber. 16s.

This most notable book consists of three lectures given by Lord Radcliffe in May, 1960 at Northwestern University, Illinois. The theme prescribed for him, so dear to the American public, was 'The Liberty of the Individual'; and those who read this book will find a masterly new treatment of a familiar theme by one of the most courageous and original minds of our day and generation. Lord Radcliffe writes as one of the most distinguished of Law Lords, but this book is not for lawyers only; it is for all thinking men and women who desire the highest standards in that public life where law is one of the great pillars. Lord Radcliffe's main theme, as the title of the book indicates, is that the Law needs all the time a compass to steer by, so that it may stand, as men of goodwill wish it to stand, for some vindication of a sense of right and wrong in human affairs. For this reason he begins his lectures and ends them with a close examination of Natural Law, which, for nearly three thousand years, has expressed for men, in all ages, their pursuit of an ideal that should be something much more than positive law. If the pur-

pose of Law is to encourage society and all its institutions to nourish and enrich the growth of each individual spirit, then the present generation must never lose touch with the idea of Natural Law or give up the belief that all positive law bears some relation to it.

In his second lecture Lord Radcliffe discusses the problems which arise when considerations of public policy enter into judicial decisions. He speaks of the complex of liberties which are needed to preserve the freedom of the human spirit, such as the freedom to worship, freedom of association, freedom of artistic and productive expression, and the like; and public policy should make its voice heard whenever these precious things are threatened from any source. The last lecture in the book is a noble piece of writing and thinking. After an analysis of true freedom, tracing the growth from the religious ideal, the book closes with the memorable words of Edmund Burke:

We are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature.

These are unusual words to find in a law lecture; they indicate the quality of this book, which contains a modern view of those pillars of the law which Bacon thought to be religion, justice, counsel and treasure. Lord Radcliffe's book is a very welcome addition to our legal literature.

BIRKETT

Potbank. By Mervin Jones. *The East-Enders*
By Ashley Smith. (Britain Alive: Nos. 1 and
2). Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d. each.

We are becoming more curious about ourselves. The fashionable anthropologists have sharpened our senses of sub-cultural differences, and these two books, the first in a series of 'Life in Britain', cater for the new market. They are described as 'social enquiries'. Now social enquiries can be carried out in at least four ways: first there is the formal survey full of facts and figures, invaluable as 'background', but unreadable because they tell us nothing about the lives of the people enumerated. Secondly there is the social survey of, say, the Young and Wilmott kind, with its planned interviews of samples. Then we have what might be called the non-statistical descriptive, and the 'impressionistic' approaches. Mr. Jones's description of the Potteries comes into the former, and Mr. Smith's record of his emotions on revisiting the East End, where he was born, comes into the latter category.

Mr. Jones worked at a potbank and he has written a nice and informative account of what life is like in Stoke-on-Trent; life at work, life at play, what they earn and the relations between employers and employed are all there. After reading it one knows more about the Potteries than one did before. It does not set out to give a formal analysis, nor does Mr. Jones go in for sampling and tests of significance; what we have is a straightforward, modest and useful description.

After reading Mr. Smith's account of the East End one is none the wiser—except, perhaps, about Mr. Smith. This is not quite fair. After all he tells us that there are a lot of tall blocks of flats (the 'soarers', he calls them); he tells

us that there are still open, ugly bombed sites, and that many houses have bugs and dirty sheets, and this may be news to some. He also reports bits of conversation ('And if I dip my dredger into the threshing waves it is likely to come up with simple things, simply said'). What Mr. Smith is really interested in is not so much 'the truly wonderful people of the East End' but his own feelings about them and about the changes that have taken place since his boyhood, and these he conveys in a style of unbelievable vulgarity.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Conduct of War, 1789-1961

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.

Age has not dimmed the power of this veteran. He is still almost as up to date and quite as much alive as ever. On the other hand, he has become slightly less pugnacious and prejudiced, without losing drive; and this is a benefit, because, while it does not weaken his forcefulness, it makes him less inclined to be unreasonable, if not at times maddening. For example, the extravagances of *The Second World War*, which made it one of his less successful works, have disappeared. *The Conduct of War* is as good as *The Generalship of Alexander the Great*, perhaps even better because the material is more familiar and, while he did not pretend to be a scholar in classical history, he has the history, strategy, and tactics of modern warfare at his fingers' ends. It is also notable how much at home he is with the ideas of Marx, Lenin, and Hitler, one may say as much as with those of Clausewitz. He is a philosophic interpreter as well as a historian.

Yet, if there is a weakness in his latest book, it is that it is rather too much of a record pure and simple. He informs us early on that it is not going to be a history of the conflicts discussed but an analysis. This promise is not always kept. A little more pure theory, a subject which no one can make more readable or simplify better than himself, would have been an advantage. When the philosophic interpretation does appear it is of the highest class. The fairness and at the same time the damaging criticism applied to Clausewitz are remarkable. He emerges as a great thinker, but one who failed to grasp the methods of Napoleon, who was the chief inspirer of *Vom Kriege*.

General Fuller's book was about to be published when the Russian dictator made his widest departure from the theories of Marx, but he had observed enough of the process before it went to press to enable him to make clear the tendency. His treatment of Lenin is if anything more severe than that of either Clausewitz or Marx, and the admirers of that extraordinary figure are not likely to take it lying down. However, the condemnation of Lenin's views rather than his actions is fully supported by chapter and verse, and from this point of view is often convincing.

Tactics and their background of weapons are admirably discussed. So is the failure of a number of otherwise intelligent soldiers to make the best use of missile weapons or to understand their significance. The writer is at times unfair to the commanders of the first world war, but his tirades against the strategists of the second, especially those ranged on the side of freedom,

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are on the whole justified. If the immediate goal of warlike endeavour is victory, it is because the higher aim is peace, and the right sort of peace. At times it may pay to abandon the ideal of victory in order to seek a better peace.

The book's main theme is the deterioration, degradation, and increasing horror of war. This development for long infected the virtue of the highest-minded statesmen and soldiers, who became more and more reckless in their use of more and more deadly weapons. It is possible that the process has now come to an end. In a sense the ultimate has been reached. There may be devised methods by which it is possible to kill more human beings and ruin the works of their hands at a blow, but these cannot add much to the significance of those already existing since the latter more than suffice to annihilate both, should attack be prolonged for more than a few days. General Fuller is neither optimist nor pessimist because he cannot pretend to foretell the future, but he is quite clear in his mind that we have got ourselves into a terrible predicament. Even in the second world war suffering was greater than in any conflict since the Thirty Years' War and far more widely spread.

General Fuller is not a democrat. He finds it odd that Professor Arnold Toynbee should wonder why democracy has not only failed to work against war but 'positively put its "drive" into war'. For him democracy is not a peace-loving institution. However in a later examination he compares it favourably with communism, while pointing out that it does not always succeed in interpreting the double-talk of the latter and is thus put at a heavy disadvantage. Often enough when he has been too sweeping in criticism he makes amends in this way. He cannot be called an unfair writer in general, and in his still rather tetchy way he is an idealist.

CYRIL FALLS

Albert Camus, 1913-1960. By Philip Thody.

Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Mr. Philip Thody, who has earned himself a high reputation among English critics of modern French literature, here returns to the subject of his first book, *Albert Camus*. This time his work is as much biographical as critical, and what he has to say about the man throws a considerable light on the books. Everyone knows that Camus was a French Algerian; not so many know that he was of working-class origin. (He certainly did not look it.) This is particularly interesting in view of the fact that Camus brought to politics precisely that kind of tender conscience which is represented by Sartre and his like as 'bourgeois'. Camus was the so-called idealistic type of socialist; he thought that many of the things that were done in the name of socialism were wrong, and he said so. Sometimes he sounded a trifle priggish—enough, at any rate,



The twelfth-century keep and Gothic chapel, Châteaudun: one of the many superb photographs in *Great Houses of Europe*, edited by Sacheverell Sitwell (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £4 10s.), in which forty houses are described and illustrated

to cause Mr. Thody's sympathy occasionally to falter. Moreover, he was so moderate in his socialism that his immediate proposals were often indistinguishable from those of conservatives.

He was certainly a let-down for the existentialists. They took him up on account of *L'Etranger*, a novel about a man who killed another without remorse and who witnessed his mother's death without emotion. Camus was imagined to share this same bleak nihilism. He turned out to be a man who cared much about death and suffering and who was deeply attached to his mother. He wrote one of the best essays in any language against capital punishment. When he was invited to support the Arab insurgents' cause in Algeria, Camus answered that his mother was a French Algerian, and added: 'If I had to choose between justice and my mother, I should choose my mother'. This last remark has inevitably been much quoted by Camus's critics; but as Mr. Thody shows, it gives a false impression of his views. In truth, Camus was one of the first intellectuals of his generation to call for justice in Algeria, and if he sought reconciliation between the two races rather than the orthodox left-wing line of capitulation to the F.L.N., this is very far from saying that he put sentiment above principle.

Mr. Thody, who has written a book about Sartre no less brilliant than his two books on Camus, makes comparisons between the two

mandarins which do not always seem to the advantage of his present hero. Of course Sartre is altogether a more imposing author. He has written books which challenge comparison with Kant or Hegel or Freud. Camus, on the other hand, was no system-builder, or even a system-lover. His touch was so light that he often made himself misunderstood. How many readers, I wonder, one secret that Mr. Thody reveals: that *La Chute* was intended to be a satire at the expense of communists who tried to recruit bourgeois supporters by creating a sense of social guilt. Camus was an aesthete, one of the few writers of his generation successfully to practise *le culte de la forme*; the sort of novelist about whom one itches to say, quite foolishly, that he ought to have been a poet.

MAURICE CRANSTON

The Northerners

By J. C. Holt. Oxford. 42s.

This work is described by its subtitle as 'a study in the reign of King John'. Its starting point is the contemporary historical generalization—contemporary, that is to say, with the reign of King John—that those who rebelled against him in the closing years of his reign were 'barons of the northern parts' or 'Northumbrians' or 'Northerners'.

Dr. Holt devotes three chapters to identifying these Northerners, and to discussing the ties that may conceivably have operated in holding them together. At 'baronial' level

the task of identification is reasonably practicable, but much more difficult at the 'knightly' level, simply because of the many ambiguities of the evidence. Dr. Holt has discussed these ambiguities with admirable circumspection. His tentative conclusion is that 'when they could choose, the knights [of the north] were against rather than for King John', and at the same time he points out the considerations which tell against the easy assumption that the knights automatically followed their baronial lords, whether against the King or for him.

Dr. Holt then proceeds to a broadly chronological survey of the conduct of the Northerners in the critical years between 1213 and John's death in 1216. He has gone over the evidence independently, and makes a number of suggestive comments, but in general he concurs with the accepted view that the Northerners did play a distinguishable and significant part, but a part that was relatively more significant in the initial resistance of 1213 than in the phase which saw the emergence of Magna Carta in 1215. Compared with some commentators Dr. Holt is inclined, probably rightly, to emphasize more strongly the significance of the Northerners in 1213: he does so on the ground that in 1213, when resistance to John was already widespread but still mainly passive, the Northerners alone took the line that they were not bound by the terms of their tenure to serve overseas: their

claim was unhistorical indeed, but it was at least articulate, and it enabled them to raise an issue on the legal plane, and thereby by implication to demand that the issue be decided not by punitive force but by legal judgment.

Having identified the Northerners and characterized their role, Dr. Holt has added four chapters which view his subject in the more general context of what might be called the governmental machine. One of these chapters bears a misleadingly familiar title—'The loss of Normandy and its consequences'. Let no one be misled by that title. The substance of the

chapter is in fact a refreshingly vigorous discussion, not of the consequences which have been so often rehearsed that they have long been familiar but rather of those consequences which need to become more familiar than at present they usually are. Dr. Holt brings them out by developing the theme that 'John's most decisive action was not that he lost Normandy... but that for ten furious years he directed all his efforts to regaining what he had lost'. The outcome of those efforts in the activities of the governmental machine are then illustrated in the sphere of finance and of the forests.

Another suggestive chapter is devoted to 'The Government of the North'. Here Dr. Holt makes the point that John's many northern progresses—unprecedented in number and regularity—were not a mere symptom of his Angevin restlessness, but marked an important stage in the process by which the north became integrated in the realm of England: 'John', he remarks, 'knew the north better than any king since the ancient rulers of Northumbria'.

The author is to be congratulated upon this his first book, an enlivening companion to the study of the most famous years of John's reign.

GORONWY EDWARDS

New Novels

Clock without Hands. By Carson McCullers. The Cresset Press. 16s.

Riders in the Chariot. By Patrick White. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

The Last Hours of Sandra Lee. By William Sansom. The Hogarth Press. 16s.

Pantaloons; or, The Valediction. By Philip Toynbee. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

IN THIS VERY GOOD NOVEL by Miss McCullers there is a bad novel, as it were, struggling to get out, a kind of melodrama that tends to rise darkly to the surface where the author is being least vigilant in avoiding the Colour Problem. There are some scenes which should not be here:

The Judge pounded his fist on the counter. 'This is the hour of decision. Who is running this town, us or the niggers?'

Whisky was freely passed around and there was in the room a fraternity of hate. And later we have 'the seed of compassion' blossoming, when the Judge's grandson cannot bring himself to shoot the man who has bombed his young Negro friend. This is a pity, for it makes one almost feel that really it is impossible not to write something very like a *roman à thèse* with such explosive material, and of course Miss McCullers is at pains not to do so. And anyway her gift is for dialogue and character rather than for convincing plan and meaning.

It is 1953 in a small Southern town, with Integration on the way. A dying chemist is aware of 'some mysterious drama' going on, which at moments oppresses him more than his approaching death. 'The terror questioned what would happen in those months—how long?—that glared upon his numbered days. He was a man watching a clock without hands'. It is the chemist who eventually draws the lot to cast the bomb at the 'biggity Nigra', but he refuses. It provides a half-hearted framework to the meat of the book which is the character of Judge Fox Clane, the relationship between his grandson and the Negro, and their relationship with him. The Judge had unjustly sentenced the Negro's father to death, and it is the discovery of his parentage that leads to the Negro's fatal gesture of taking a house in a white district and his being bombed by the outraged whites.

Miss McCullers paints the reactionary, selfish, greedy, hypocritical and murderous old Judge with immense skill. The description of his breakfast, and some of the dialogues between the two young men, are the best things in the book. The characters are not deeply drawn, but there is a continually sharp and satisfying ease in the writing. The Judge is too much of an Old Southern monster to be convincing in a context

of violence and action (he believes in slavery and nurses a scheme for the redemption of Confederate monies), and there are other elements (the chemist, for instance) which do not fit easily. It may be merely that the best things are over-written at the expense of a more firmly presented background of events, but to want a novel to be either clearer or less clear is, in Miss McCullers's case, made largely irrelevant by the quality of the writing.

Mr. White's latest novel might be said to be daring, but I do not feel it quite comes off. There are flashes of insight and description, whole passages of incident and character, that make one yearn for a more solid centre to the book. It is a novel, in fact, which has been largely created by its style. A refugee Jew is severely baited in a small Australian town, and dies, nursed by his only friends, a madwoman and a laundress. An aboriginal paints the scene of his death. His employer, himself a Jew, hangs himself. The connexion between these characters is the friendship of the ugly, the unlucky and the underprivileged, but it is irritating to be told they are saintly without being shown any real evidence for it. There is the coincidence of a common mystical vision of a Chariot, but what this means is not made clear. The lengthy narratives of their past lives detract from the intensity of their relationship (a difficult effect to achieve) by providing the reader with more interesting glimpses of life. By contrast, their coming together is veiled in biblical portentousness and this kind of metaphor:

Once she had entered through his eyes, and at first glance recognized familiar furniture, and once again she had entered in, and their souls had stroked each other with reassuring feathers, but very briefly, for each had suddenly taken fright.

Often Mr. White's writing can very confusingly combine this sort of mawkishness with a brilliant *aperçu*, or a striking visual image. There is no kind of effect he will shrink from. To use crucifixion symbolism, for instance, in the way he does would make one say (if one did not have to choose) that he was either terribly good or monstrously bad. Certainly this is an ambitious and unusual book, but the big guns are trained on an elusive target.

The Last Hours of Sandra Lee is a very readable light novel. That a nice girl wants some fun before she is tied to one man for life is a familiar (and perhaps if one reflects on its assumptions, a significant) theme, but Mr. Sansom writes well enough to make one feel that here he has wasted his talents on a triviality. His only large claim is that he has treated the theme exhaustively rather than cynically, and of course this doesn't always lift him into the right class. Indeed, if it weren't for his acute eye and ear, much of the book might have claimed serialization in a woman's magazine.

What is remarkable is the way Mr. Sansom can preserve interest while preserving the unity of time, for a minute's reading is likely to cover exactly a minute of the office party which is the scene of Sandra's curiously staid pre-nuptial rites. As though voiding a bulging notebook of observations and fragments of recorded dialogue, he crams as much as he can into his slender framework. The result is a lively, if sugared, picture of the intimacies of office life. Mr. Sansom has only half seen that his basic theme is possibly serious.

Mr. Toynbee's undisciplined verse has many virtues: it is easy to read and extremely evocative. It has encouraged him, however, to take liberties of structure which the novel *qua* novel finds it hard to bear. If the subject of these autobiographical reminiscences had employed a transparent medium, a plain and useful prose, the weaknesses in drama and conflict would no doubt have been revealed. As it is there is a great interplay on a rhetorical level between aspects of old Dick Abberville's memory and personality, with the events of his narrative telescoped down to a remoteness which the reader might mistake for unoriginality. Indeed, the twin topics of Mother and School and the whole ambience of a family with a title between the wars, combined with the unfashionable free verse, might make *Pantaloons* seem dated in more ways than one, but Mr. Toynbee's scale of attack is disarming, and, with more to come, the work may very well justify what appears to be a somewhat flamboyant beginning.

JOHN FULLER

Miss Elizabeth Jennings will take over from Mr. Fuller on November 23.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

Demons in the Box

I USUALLY FIND commemorative occasions anti-climactic and I looked forward to Richard Cawston's 'Television and the World' (October 31) with little excitement, expecting the conventional paean of self-congratulation. Perhaps this was why I watched with such rapt attention and was astonished to find that ninety minutes had passed in the contemplation of the havoc being wrought all over the world by the exotic demons in the box.

Those of us who pray that the future of the world will be determined not by war usually think of the struggle between East and West as



From 'Television and the World': Egyptians (left) on the outskirts of Cairo; and American children (right)

at the consequences of that original telecast twenty-five years ago, but also tacitly urging, in the interest not merely of the United Kingdom but of the future of civilization, a television service independent of either political or commercial pressures. If the Pilkington Committee did not see the film, I hope they have a special screening. It was a brilliant and to my mind irrefutable statement of the B.B.C.'s case.

I'm a sucker for the nostalgia of the nineteen-thirties, and 'Scrapbook for 1936' (November 1) could not help reviving the passions of the year of abdication and the Spanish Civil War. It could have been done worse—spokesmen like C. Day Lewis gave personal assessments which interpreted the mood of events. But the cutting was jerky and Leslie Baily showed no sign of trying to grasp the significance of that fateful



watching a communal viewing set in a street on the watching a television set installed in their bathroom

being settled by economic competition. But the inescapable conclusion to be derived from Cawston's world round-up, with its striking visuals of African and Asian viewers and its soundtracks of Hollywood 'westerns', was that the war for the souls of the uncommitted nations could be won for the communists by cheap American radio programmes.

In this country we have the background to know that 'westerns' belong in the region of fantasy, a form of American infantilism. But to the peasants of Thailand, Japan, Nigeria, and Egypt it seemed plain that this appeared to be the image of every-day life in the United States; an exciting nightmare from which to awake and thank God that one was living with nothing worse than poverty and hunger.

Such impressions can be created very easily in the editing of film documentaries. But, dramatic though it was, I did not think this impression was an unfair generalization. The little sequence of small American children watching television while having a bath, irresistible to an editor, was misleading, except in so far as an aypical situation can be typical of what might happen if more people were stinking rich.

With commendable discretion, B.B.C. Television was kept in the background, slightly agast

year. One sighed for the thoughtfulness of a Walter Lippmann or the vigorous competence of an Ed Murrow.

'Fall-out' displaced 'Scrapbook' from its peak position for that evening. The critics who complained that it was like discussing Judas Iscariot without mentioning Jesus Christ seemed to me wide of the mark. The fear produced by the resumed tests and the 57-megaton bomb was not of possible thermo-nuclear war in the



British soldiers in the first world war: a photograph used as a background in 'Monitor', 'Portrait of an Experience'

future but of dangers arising from fall-out. As someone without any technical knowledge, I found it admirably cool and objective.

It was pleasant on November 5 to find Peter Hall compèring 'Monitor' in place of Huw Wheldon. Those convulsive jerks which are



Diagram shown in the documentary programme 'Fall-out'

John CURE

meant to express reactions to world culture are disconcerting; an idiom different from the Style, which Michel Saint-Denis discussed charmingly (but rather vaguely) with Peter Newington. Saint-Denis's most telling point was the need for a national theatre in Britain (like the Comédie Française) in order to give a definite tradition against which an innovator can revolt.

There was a moving homage to Augustus John in the drawings he made of his two wives, Ida and Dorelia, and his children. What a magic draughtsman he was, catching, in the study of a moment, that moment which is to be found in almost any child or woman over centuries.

Against still pictures from the Imperial War Museum, animated by the movement of the camera, we had readings from the poets of the first world war, Wilfred Owen, Isaac Rosenberg, Siegfried Sassoon and others, with a linking commentary from Frederic Manning's *Her Privates We*. In a curious way, still photographs animated by living words are more moving than film, because they fix the deadness of the dead.

As sheer delight, however, the high spot was Ken Russell's filmed study of London, against the moods of the pompous Elgar, the contemporary Christopher Whelen, and the romantic Vaughan Williams. This was 'Monitor' at its happiest, making a work of television art, which incorporates the art of others and interprets it. It made me love again the London to which the anxiety of the rush hour has made me blind. Except, of course, if I had been Ken Russell watching me traipsing across the bridge to catch the 5.30, I'd have got home even later.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

DRAMA

Modified Chutes

I ONCE HEARD an art gallery lady thank a producer for having been so kind as 'to show our pictures down the television'. This view of the medium as a kind of chute is harsh but often realistic. The ideal television critic would, of course, distinguish without difficulty between original content, simple chute work, and creative use of the machine. But ideal is what we mainly are not and thus we are not loved.

Ballet raises this question in an acute form. Crossing the senses, belonging with music, painting and drama as well as the dance, it imposes an exact discipline upon its servants. For a ballet performance to be right, an extraordinary number of movements, sights, sounds and persons must not deviate from perfection. It won't fit into the chute, so Television (the capital T is deliberate) ought to become a patron of a new art and create its own repertory—which is too much to hope for.

Meanwhile we must welcome compromises and approximations when they are respectable. I thought Margaret Dale's version of the Royal Ballet's treatment of Gavin Gordon's *The Rake's Progress* (October 30) very creditable and enjoyable, but speak as one of the ignorant. It was a straight job with few blurred edges. The ghosts of Hogarth and of the Molière of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* appeared recognizably, and the charm of Rex Whistler's pastiche was visible. The Bacchanalia and the madhouse ecstasies and charities worked well, and the scene divisions were neat and free from fuss or muddle. At times I thought the dancers were too near or too far, but this is a 'chute' problem yet to be solved. So is some mist around the story line—if we are not to be interrupted with programme notes. Perhaps a series of partial records of what the Royal Ballet does may induce a passion for patronage of true television ballet in some rich bosom. If so, good; if not, gratitude to Dame Ninette de Valois is, as always, in order.

Musical comedy or reminiscence of the great days of declining music-hall were recorded in a beautifully smooth, corny, show business, film-formula affair produced by Douglas Moodie—*Hullo Ragtime* (October 29). It is no news that the man Moodie knows how to time and pattern what is impudently called light entertainment, but this was good work even for him—despite celestial orchestras and splendid impresarios. Miss Gloria de Haven and Miss Margery Manners sing songs properly and are very nice to watch.

The chief impression left with me after a few days from *Anna Karenina* (November 3) by Tolstoy, Marcelle-Maurette, E. J. King-Bull, Donald Bull, and Rudolph Cartier, is an enthusiasm for the facial bones and body



Scene from the Royal Ballet's performance of *The Rake's Progress*, with Donald Britton (centre) as the Rake

movement of Claire Bloom. The greatness of the novel had not survived transport into play and television. But the imperial hierarchy came over, the horse-racing and opera-going spectacle was effective, and some of the claustrophobic suffering came across. Only at the end did I remember Garbo, who also has bones. The mortal train was a surprise because the misery leading to it was unconvincing.

A slight disorder in my set added gaiety to *What's My Line?* (November 5). There seemed no harm in having the image of Mr. Spike Milligan appear in triplicate. I felt that though comment on the following play, *The Test*, by William Bast (November 5) could not be fair, it would be interesting for once to shut off vision altogether. Subtleties of machinery and the fear of heights may have escaped me in this process, but I had no strong sense of missing anything. The tale of scientists with emotional complications, crises of responsibility, and trouble with their governmental masters followed routine lines. By now most viewers should accept the proposition that education as a physicist carries no transfer of training in clear thinking in political or marital affairs.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Yellow Assassins

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S *Nekrassov* (Third, November 1) is not his greatest play, but the choice of it, to represent him in the 'From the Fifties' series, was an intelligent one. The play satirizes the anti-communism of that part of the French press which prefers slogans and smart headlines in place of the truth. A deputy foreign minister called Nekrassov is supposed to have fled from Russia and a shady financier on the run decides to impersonate him. He convinces the staff, directors, and editor of *Noir à Paris* that he is Nekrassov, and the paper glibly and gladly prints every false and sullied word that he offers. But an impersonation that is taken on lightly to avoid the police soon involves Georges de Valéra (Hugh Burden) in issues which are nastier because they affect personalities in the newspaper office. De Valéra is asked to denounce writers for the paper as communists; a request which brings home the criminal nature of misrepresentations which on the larger imper-

sonal scale are usually defended on the grounds that they protect the Free World. The fact that this play was followed swiftly by the Hungarian Rising and Sartre's denunciation of the Soviet Union supplied the nastier side of the French press with the ready-made half truth that the philosopher playwright was politically woolly. But time will show that Sartre was more constant than his critics imagined. In spite of subsequent events his lecture on the folly and crimes of the most irresponsible part of his national press still carries a punch with truth wrapped in its grasp. The double-think may categorize the Russian press but the wishful think, of always expecting the worst and of shutting one's eyes to the truth, is still marring the approach of many newspaper readers to a real assessment of the Cold War situation. Sartre in any case was writing here in the grand tradition which Kierkegaard established when he attacked *The Corsair*. R. D. Smith, to whom I offer a humble apology for ascribing to him a pronunciation of Trafalgar which was Thomas Hardy's [letter in THE LISTENER last week] and not his, produced the work with great pace and brought across the life of the stage action.

Raymond Raikes had to cut his earlier productions of *Noah's Flood* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (Home, October 30) to fit them in, but they did not seem to have lost much. The first play was a composite affair containing material from miracle plays at Newcastle, Chester, and Wakefield, and revealed the dual purpose that inspired these early dramatic essays. Noah, played strongly by John Laurie, lectured his hearers on the need for preparedness and devotion but the popular need for horseplay and slapstick was provided by his tussles with his wife (Mary O'Farrell). It was a simple, likable play and it served to demonstrate the comparative sophistication of *Gammer Gurton's Needle* which dates from the middle of the sixteenth



Gloria de Haven as Shirley Kellogg in *Hullo Ragtime*



From *Anna Karenina*: Claire Bloom as Anna with Bobby Coetano as her son Sergei

century and which is often claimed as Cambridge University's first production. Gammer Gurton has lost her needle, and Dame Chat, her neighbour, her cat. Diccon, an early Vice or Misrule, sets them against each other and the comic irony derives from our better knowledge of the truth. Though Diccon gets his desserts and the tale has a moral overtone, the play is of great significance because it marks the moment when the theatre emerged from the shadow of the Church.

Who Goes Hang? (Home, November 4), adapted by Michael Hardwick from a novel by Stanley Hyland, was written to the formula of the highly complex Crime Mystery but it was enlivened by its setting. The stiff had been found in the belfry of Big Ben and was supposed to be an M.P. who had died in 1859. But the splutter of clues leads to the conclusion that the body is that of an unpopular M.P. who was beaten to death while fire-watching during the war. Mr. Hyland supplied a deal of information about the building of the House of Commons and its condition during the war which captivated even when one tired of the eternal unwinding of the mystery of the body. The Members sitting in special committee on the mystery had suitably dissimilar voices and William Glen-Doepel managed to avoid the confusion which often attends plays involving a discussion among people with a mutual background.

In recent weeks I have heard some broadcasts for schools and have been struck by the amount of effort expended in dramatizing teaching material. Some of it is successful but I cannot help feeling that dramatization is too often resorted to. A geography lesson about London employed the cumbersome dramatic idea of a tourist guide showing two Americans the sights. This was sugaring the pill so much that the pill must have been unnoticed by many young listeners.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Saying Things with Ease

 'CONNOISSEUR', 'Taste', 'Elegance'—these words seem to have been blotted out in the bog of scientific jargon that dominates our present-day literature and theatre. As Norman Mailer would say, it's 'hip' to use obscure terms and meaningless symbols. It was refreshingly square to listen to Mr. A. E. Dyson, co-Editor of *The Critical Quarterly*, bring back a prodigal theme in his talk, 'The Critic as Connoisseur' (Third Programme, October 31). The gravitation of the critic to the esoteric was one of the main points, accompanied by a brief explanation of why it is considered fashionable to be scientifically minded, illustrated by a quotation from the Chicago School of Criticism. The central theme was the ability of the critic to say things with ease. 'Ease' is a quality following from tranquillity of surroundings and mind. The uncluttered and dedicated mind can absorb, contemplate, and express itself simply and fluently. But in the twentieth century who is capable of such a calm existence? Housing conditions are far from conducive to creativity—mechanization has only made life more complex and frustrating. The nervous energy a man should spend on seeking beauty is spent in coping with daily life. Time has been minimized and we can only now grasp at things. The gentle flow of past years has become a rushing torrent of incomprehensibility. Unless we can cut out the inessentials and insist on leading the life of a true creative artist, which entails much solitude, then Mr. Dyson's advice will fall on deaf ears.

The connoisseurs include Sir Harold Nicolson,

Raymond Mortimer, and Cyril Connolly, but under what heading does one classify T. S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson, and possibly Dr. Leavis? These writers do qualify as 'literary critics able to express subtle and difficult things with elegance and ease'—the critics Mr. Dyson was speaking about. Many writers and playwrights today seem convinced that civilization will be blown to bits any day by Mr. Khrushchev. Their fear is a highly infectious disease which they cover up by inverted prose, technical terminology, and obscurantism—anything to confuse the minds of the readers and themselves. I sound rather pessimistic—Mr. Dyson was not. He is quite certain that the faculty of discernment may yet return.

A highly amusing yet penetrating talk was given by Mr. Angus McGill in 'Score Twice for Cheyne Walk' (Home, November 1). The fight for status was his concern—how to live in the right area with the right telephone number seemed the ambition of many 'Londoners', according to Mr. McGill who came to London four years ago. Although shocked at this status-symbol cult, he was also secretly amused—'People will exchange a comfortable flat on one side of the road for a dark basement on the other, merely for the right address'. And so on. Is there something comforting about a BELgravia telephone number that makes up for so much that may be lacking? A few weeks ago I was told that Camden Town will shortly be the area for literary people. Houses, at the moment, are fairly cheap and some had been snapped up already. Unfortunately Mr. McGill had not heard of this move towards the Zoo—perhaps it has been inspired by Angus Wilson's new novel? Such moves—Bloomsbury to Chelsea, Chelsea to Camden Town—fascinate as much as amuse. Why not a literary colony or commune on the outskirts of Ealing?

Last week I mentioned, in connexion with *The Birth of Broadcasting*, that it was a pity the Home Service listener could not hear of the genesis of the B.B.C. The Home Service listener was well rewarded with a talk by Sir William Williams on November 3. Professor Briggs's book will be of national and international interest for many years—it cannot fail to be. Sir William, Secretary-General of the Arts Council, approached his analysis of the book from the human-interest angle and not the technical. He called our broadcasting system 'one of the best bargains we have ever known'. Where else in the world could you receive such a variety of programmes without commercial interruptions or political slogans?

The non-political aspect of the Corporation was heavily stressed by Sir William—an aspect that is often overlooked or even forgotten, but which makes the Corporation the decisive, impartial organization it is. We were told of the General Strike in 1926 when Churchill took over the *British Gazette* and tried to persuade Lord Reith to 'go over' on his side of the class-war. The fight that ensued between two equally stubborn men must have been more absorbing than fiction. One sentence from Lord Reith's private diary tells of the outcome—'I told him that I was not going to do that at all'. It was this firm stand on the part of Lord Reith, made in the formative years, that shaped the Corporation's policy of neutrality in politics.

Sir William's feeling about the book itself was that it concentrated too much on committees instead of individuals. The author 'has been content to give us . . . a Blue Book of broadcasting instead of a biography of broadcasting'. As a critic, Sir William must be admired—he was a talk delivered with all the ease and effortlessness that Mr. Dyson is so anxious to see revived.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Visual Music

 I HAD BEEN looking forward to the combination of Gustave Doré's drawings and Richard Strauss's music in the television programme of Strauss's *Don Quixote* (November 4). This turned out to be an exploratory attempt at the visual representation of music on the right lines, but I can hardly agree that it offered 'a solution' of the problem of music in television. Drawings of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza by Doré and other artists, corresponding with episodes illustrated by each of Strauss's variations, were thrown on the screen for half a minute or so, merging with shots of the orchestra, the conductor, and Paul Tortelier, the remarkably fine solo 'cellist. With some remote vision in his huge arched eyes, Tortelier was himself a Quixotic figure, more arresting, as it happened, in his mobile facial expressions, than the elaborate 'stills' of Doré.

It is difficult to see why television producers refuse to explore a mobile or symbolical representation of music on the screen. The objections usually offered are twofold, namely, that such attempts have so far been vulgar, and that a visual representation of music, using the imaginative resources of film or television technique, would reduce the function of music to a subordinate role. Neither of these objections seems to me valid. Moreover, they ignore the significance of important trends in the music of the last hundred years or so—the age of the camera—in which visual symbolism was a potent source of inspiration. *The Ride of the Valkyries* and *La Mer* are themselves works that anticipate a television treatment, and the same is surely true of experiments in electronic music. Such works demand, of course, a treatment on the highest imaginative level, but that can be no reason for this conception to be rejected. There have, in fact, over the last generation or so, been some extremely successful alliances between musicians and film producers—not many, but sufficient to open the way, notably the historic alliance between Prokofiev and Eisenstein, whose *Alexander Nevsky* this week I certainly do not propose to miss.

The relay from Covent Garden of *Der Freischütz* (Third, October 31) is best forgotten. It probably has been by now, therefore why mention this unfortunate performance of a great opera? Only because the recorded extracts, heard in the introductory talk in the previous week's 'Music Magazine', must have led listeners to believe that in the Covent Garden relay something, at any rate, would be recaptured of these superb recordings. In fact, nothing was recaptured, the fault being almost entirely with the two principals, leaden in the roles of Max and Agathe. At Covent Garden, on the opening night, I wondered whether I had perhaps overrated the eeriness of the Wolf's Glen scene, or even the tenderness of Agathe's famous *Leise leise*. No sooner, in 'Music Magazine', did Elisabeth Grümmer sing the beautiful opening phrase of this aria than I was sure I had overrated nothing of the sort. And when it came to the gruesome passage of timpani and tremolando strings, illustrating a point about the Wolf's Glen—Eugen Jochum was conducting this extract—the Covent Garden version seemed by comparison unforgivably tame. There was some good character singing in some of the smaller parts, notably Michael Langdon as the sinister Caspar and Jeannette Sinclair in the enlivening figure of Anne, but they were struggling hard, as was the conductor, Rudolf Kempe, against a mood of oppression. Let us hope that if we are not to have an adequate live performance of *Der Freischütz* we may soon have a chance of hearing one or other of the two excellent record-

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ings. It deserves to be heard again if only because of Weber's orchestration in this opera, as original as the orchestration of Berlioz, indeed sometimes more evocative.

The Bayreuth cast of *Der Fliegende Holländer* (Third, November 5) was admirable, or very nearly so, the only doubtful piece of casting

being the Senta of Anja Silja. Her powerful voice is on the harsh side, and it is also too shrill for this mysterious character. Wolfgang Sawallisch was inclined to over-dramatize the imposing brass entries, with the result that some of their biting rhythmic attack was lost. But these were minor blemishes. It was on the whole

an exhilarating performance in which the fury of Wagner's early sea-scenes made its full impact. Though Wagner was wonderfully inspired by the movement of water in his later works, he never again caught the freshness and the tang of the sea that runs through the whole of *Der Fliegende Holländer*.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Strauss, Stravinsky, and Mozart

By DERYCK COOKE

'Ariadne auf Naxos' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Friday, November 17



AMONG THE many gems in Robert Craft's *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* is the following. Craft: 'Do you now admit any of the operas of Richard Strauss?' Stravinsky: 'I would like to admit all Strauss's operas to whichever purgatory punishes triumphant banality. Their musical substance is cheap and poor; it cannot interest a musician today. That now so ascendant *Ariadne*? I cannot bear Strauss's six-four chords: *Ariadne* makes me want to scream'.

No Technical Criticism

Unfortunately, such comical splenetic outbursts, coming from a distinguished composer of our time, are accepted unthinkingly in some quarters as valid judgments. Yet the odd fact here is that the technique-bound Stravinsky offers no technical criticism of Strauss whatsoever, but only a furious moral indictment of his style. But to castigate a composer's style is merely to enter the quicksands of personal taste, since there is no critical tool for assessing objectively the quality of musical material. Stravinsky, like the rest of us, is only saying 'I know what I don't like'—in his case German romanticism, which offends his puritanical temperament. The 'musician today' whom Strauss's material 'cannot interest' is Stravinsky and anyone who feels like him; many first-rate musicians find it inexhaustibly fascinating. For some, Strauss's material is nectar, for others it is poison; is there anything else to be said? It is obviously useless to pick out Strauss's fondness for the six-four; as well object to Bach's ubiquitous dominant sevenths in his Passions. The six-four is no more sinful than any other chord; in fact it is the basis of many of Strauss's indisputably great moments, such as those two dazzling F sharp major inspirations, the 'vigil scene' in *Don Quixote* and the 'Presentation of the Rose' in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

But we may wonder why Stravinsky should be so particularly repelled by *Ariadne auf Naxos* as to fall into the untenable position of lumping together all Strauss's operas as banal—the astoundingly original *Salomé* and *Elektra* with the self-repeating *Frau ohne Schatten*, the inspired *Rosenkavalier* with the routine *Die Liebe der Danae*. Could it be that *Ariadne* forestalled Stravinsky in his own field of neo-classicism, and that after being written off for decades it is now indeed ascendant, having achieved as wide a popularity as his own *Rake's Progress*? For in composing *Ariadne*, in 1911, Strauss gave musical actuality to the neo-classical concept of opera while it was still an idea in Busoni's brain, and while Stravinsky was still working with nationalist and impressionistic techniques.

After his purely Wagnerian *Guntram* of 1894, Strauss was the first to begin breaking

away from the continuous leitmotivic construction of music-drama towards a new classical conception. *Feuersnot* (1901) was only a hint, but after *Salomé* and *Elektra* he turned further towards classical opera in *Der Rosenkavalier* (1910), which, despite its reliance on *Leitmotiv* and its continuously woven texture, introduced several Mozartian elements—a simple diatonicism, the use of set numbers, and (in places) a slimming-down of the huge romantic orchestra. And in *Ariadne* these tendencies crystallized into a comprehensive inauguration of a new type of neo-classical stage-work: a short, consciously artificial opera on a Greek classical subject, shunning musico-dramatic profundity in favour of sophisticated entertainment, including elements of the *commedia dell' arte*, and using a chamber orchestra, set numbers in classical forms, secco recitative, and vocal lyricism and virtuosity.

Yet clearly the later neo-classics owed nothing to *Ariadne*: neo-classicism took quite a different path during the 'twenties, in the music of Stravinsky and others. We are faced with two totally different conceptions: in attempting to go 'back to Mozart', or to anyone else (an utterly unreal quest, in any case), there were two possible approaches—the letter and the spirit. Stravinsky recaptured something of the letter, Strauss something of the spirit, and both inevitably subjected their discoveries to extreme personal distortion. Whereas Stravinsky approached Mozart externally, using what he considered to be his 'structural principles' in an entirely cool way of his own (and occasionally making a dehydrated pastiche of his style), Strauss, being in the great German line, inherited Mozart's legacy on the deeper level of musical language; he drew to the full on two essential expressive elements ignored by Stravinsky—the haunting symmetrical tune and the warmly emotional harmony. But these features had found a natural historical continuation in certain aspects of Germanic romanticism, and so Strauss's image of Mozart was essentially a national and romantic one, seen through the eyes of Schubert, Wagner, Brahms, Wolf, and even Johann Strauss.

Incorrigibly Romantic Style

It is this, of course, which makes Strauss's neo-classicism so unpalatable to Stravinsky—the incorrigibly romantic character of the actual style. The trouble was that in *Ariadne* Strauss was unable to go the whole neo-classical way, because of his ineradicable Wagnerian inheritance. Not only did he magically romanticize Mozart for the lyrical music, and Viennese operetta for the *commedia dell' arte* characters, but he often fell back on his own complex and Wagnerian violent romantic idiom for forceful purposes, and he made pervasive use of a typically Wagnerian *Leitmotiv*—a powerful

rising arpeggio-figure—to bind the whole structure together.

The resulting intensity of the material had its effect on the orchestration. Strauss innocently began with the ultra-classical idea of 'chamber music' for 'fifteen to twenty players in all'—single wind and strings, one or two horns, 'possibly a trumpet', harpsichord, harp, celesta, harmonium, and percussion—but this was clearly unrealistic for any operatic score which he could write. He eventually used an orchestra of thirty-six—double wind, sixteen strings, two horns, trumpet, trombone, two harps, celesta, and percussion; the harpsichord ominously gave way to a piano, and the harmonium remained, to be used sometimes with felicitous imagination but more often to thicken the texture unduly. This is still a chamber orchestra, of course, and indeed it is used with the most fastidious delicacy for many numbers; but Strauss, with his fantastic orchestral technique, was able to blow up its sonority, when he needed, into something which was hardly distinguishable from his rich and weighty full orchestral style. He could never have done this with the smaller group.

Fascinating Hybrid

The work is a fascinating hybrid, then—and also very uneven in quality. Strauss's fatal lack of self-criticism, his acceptance of inferior inspiration and his facile development of it, spoils at least a third of the score. The prologue, set outside the opera itself in the eighteenth century, is a masterly piece of Straussian social comedy, and the delicate music of *Ariadne* herself and the three nymphs is exquisite almost throughout; but the *commedia dell' arte* characters, after a delightful start with their operetta-type polka, soon begin spinning out second-rate material at length. The big coloratura aria of Zerbinetta, who is so excellent in the Prologue unhappily revives the most regrettable features of the old display aria; and Bacchus enters like a god only to degenerate into a stock Italian tenor—sometimes into Strauss's own sticky parody of that type in the weakest spot of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

So, like Stravinsky, one enters the quicksands of personal taste, though less recklessly, to suggest that when Strauss is bad—which is only in certain parts of his *œuvre*—his failure is indeed due to an undiscriminating use of cheap and poor material. Such intermittent lapses in *Ariadne* may well cause it to fall somewhat from its present ascendancy. As for *The Rake's Progress*, which is still much too new for any balanced critical assessment, one wonders what posterity's verdict will be. Perhaps it will ratify that, between the frequently over-heated Strauss and the often refrigerated Stravinsky, there was and always will be the classical golden mean—the sane, human warmth that Mozart defined so precisely.



'Bridge Quiz': Heat IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

IN THE FINAL HEAT of the first round of the advanced bridge 'quiz' in Network Three Mrs. Rixi Markus and Mrs. Fritzi Gordon, the stars of the Ladies European Championships, were opposed to Mr. Boris Schapiro, past European and World Champion, and Mr. Michael Wolach, present holder of the Gold Cup. The ladies, fresh from a triumphant but exhausting week-end at the Eastbourne congress, failed where they might have been expected to succeed in the play problem.

WEST	EAST
♠ K 8 7 6 5 4 2	♠ A Q 3
♥ 4 2	♥ A K J
♦ A K 5 4	♦ 3 2
♣ None	♣ Q 8 7 6 5

West is to play in Six Spades against the opening lead of the king of clubs. The declarer trumps in hand and leads a spade to the ace at trick 2, North failing to follow. How should the declarer play from that point?

Mrs. Gordon, who found it difficult to express her notions on paper, was permitted to state her line orally, but her plan was indeterminate whereas the best line was certain. Mrs. Markus conceded an immediate trick in diamonds in order to develop a subsequent squeeze which she regarded as certain: apart from the danger of a diamond ruff on the second round, other squeeze positions could be destroyed by the return of a diamond.

Both men found the best solution, the essence of which was its simplicity, though Mr. Wolach overlooked one small detail which cost him points. After the second trick is won with the ace of spades, a diamond is played to the king and followed by a heart to the king. If South trumps the heart, the marked finesse will subsequently look after the odd diamond loser. If the king of hearts wins, declarer continues with a diamond towards the ace—again, if South trumps in front of the declarer no harm is suffered. If the ace is permitted to win, declarer continues with a third diamond which he trumps with the queen. He re-enters his hand trumping a club and plays off the fourth diamond, which he trumps with dummy's small trump. Whether or not South over-trumps, the declarer will lose no more than one trump trick in all.

The men began therefore with a handsome lead of 8 points to nil. The ladies fought back in the second part of the programme and reduced the deficit to four, and were still, therefore, very much in the picture when both sides were required to bid the following hands: East dealer; Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 5	♠ Q 9
♥ Q J 7 4	♥ K
♦ 8 7 5 3	♦ A K 9 2
♣ 10 2	♣ A K Q 7 6 4

The ladies immediately set a target by reaching the optimum contract of Three No Trumps.

WEST	EAST
(Mrs. Markus)	(Mrs. Gordon)
—	1C
1H	3D
3 N.T.	No

Mrs. Markus wisely judged that, in spite of her four-card diamond support, her major suit holdings made her hand pre-eminently suitable for No Trumps.

The men, with more measured tread, also had no difficulty in preserving their balance, even after meeting in diamonds.

WEST	EAST
(Mr. Schapiro)	(Mr. Wolach)
—	1C
1H	2D
2 N.T.	3C
3D	3 N.T.
No	

It only remains to add that, on a no less auspicious occasion at Torquay, West responded One Diamond, on the principle that all four card holdings are biddable, and prompted his partner to an immediate Blackwood; and that, for the third time in four heats, the men were triumphant.

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IN THE KITCHEN



Bacon and Apple Shells

IF YOU HAVE a bacon joint, here is a 'quick change' recipe for using up cold left-overs. Mince up cold, cooked bacon with a raw onion, and use it to stuff large eating apples—but not cookers, they are too sharp for this recipe. Wash and core the apples, but do not peel them. Cut them in half and scoop out the pulp, leaving only a thin shell of apple and peel. Add the apple pulp to the minced bacon and onion, and fill the apple shells with this mixture. Sprinkle with fine, dry breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for just over half an hour. You need not grease the oven dish—far better to pour a little water into the dish instead. Try serving these stuffed apples with raw chicory and creamed potatoes.

LOUISE DAVIES

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Venison Stew

Venison Stew is excellent made with either the forelegs or the ribs. The ribs require a little less cooking, and the bones should be extracted after the meat is cooked. You will need:

olive oil
flour
stock
2 onions
8 carrots
1 bunch of celery
a bouquet garni
1½ wineglassesfuls of port (but sherry or *vin ordinaire* will do if you have no port)

Cut up the meat, flour, and fry lightly in olive oil. Cover with stock, add the vegetables chopped up, and the herbs. Stew slowly until tender. Then add the port, cook, stirring, for another five minutes, and keep till wanted.

ALISON BALFOUR

A Dutch Sandwich

While in Holland during the summer holidays I collected this quick recipe. It uses up cold cooked beef on an open sandwich, covered with

hot fried eggs and cheese—a delicious mixture. Butter a small slice of bread, cover it with sliced cold beef, and spread with a little concentrated tomato purée, or pickle. Meanwhile fry one or two eggs for each person, and when they are almost ready lay some thinly sliced Gouda cheese on top of the eggs in the frying pan. Put a lid on it, and leave over the heat for only a couple of minutes, just enough to let the cheese melt. Then lift these piping hot eggs and cheese on to the top of the open meat sandwich, so that it is well covered. Eat immediately, and you should find the heat has warmed the meat through.

LOUISE DAVIES

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

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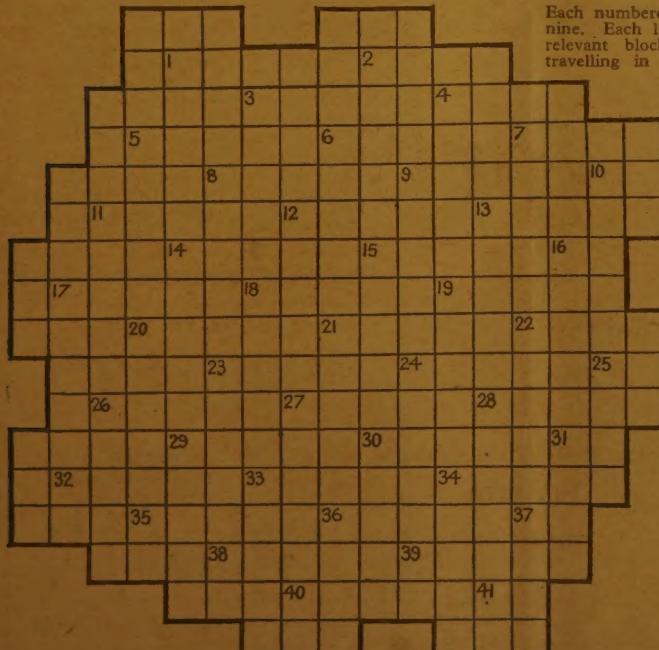
Crossword No. 1,641.

Enneads—II.

By Jackdaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

Closing date: first post on Thursday, November 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.



Each numbered square is the centre square of a block of nine. Each light, of nine letters, is to be entered in its relevant block, starting at any appropriate square and travelling in any direction vertically or horizontally but not diagonally. It is necessary to ensure that the letters appearing in the numbered squares may be arranged to form: YOU, DISMISS YOUR BLIND PASSION FOR CHEAP GOLD AID.

It may also be helpful to know that the six extreme-most letters of each side may be arranged to form: I ACQUIRE THIS PANACHE HILDA.

CLUES

1. Chinese Charlie could be hot in the middle of the underworld
2. Proprietary naval captains jocularly start cheering
3. Rule by law is just a slight twist of dictatorship
4. Having the structure of rock; much of Cologne is so set out
5. Bending up is the natural result of disturbing, say, python
6. Opposite of warm H_2O , to act like a car radiator, when in reverse
7. An Alaskan old-timer would be morose without money
8. In such places tramps may still be seen in the stocks
9. State rule of the black guillotin
10. Hire coats, make zip rip, etc.
11. Shakespearean grande dame gives but a fig to the unruly street urchin
12. Intrepid many lecture in a 'lower degree'
13. Breaking up an Italian city in heartless horseplay
14. Cheated, with a lot of help here in Latin, to describe a marsupial
15. Utterly smooth and flat
16. Sort of tube railway, in small numbers, will turn out pots of clay
17. Protection for the horse when the farm is ploughed up in the mountain range
18. Cuttings grafted round a rubber tree will provide vegetable embryos

19. The knave could be positive about it with an end in view
20. Revolutionary flag put back with honour in the architect's closet
21. It's taken for granted and could cause a lot upset
22. Defilement instigated by a mass of undergraduates
23. The 'hoping one's' contribution to better universal understanding
24. Choose I and my companions to become aristocrats
25. Visitor to the Transvaal from our smallest county, i.e. Rutland
26. Frightful apparition with its mouth in its middle
27. Disorderly court has nothing in view before I set about describing the bony fishes
28. In a short work, in a single note, it is unexpected
29. Soak up the catch into a waterproof container (hyphenated)
30. Reflected in water at a mole occasionally, they all have a body cavity
31. Frank is the owner of river land including the capital of Utah
32. Graft into a clue perhaps
33. I take the entrance money after a couple of hawks start to criticise
34. Brown talisman, owned by a son of Zeus, when his majesty left
35. Going out from the S.E. regions
36. Take a soldier to the theatre where the truck system operates (hyphenated)
37. Travel round to get at the betrayer
38. A craft in its natural element out of all others (hyphenated)
39. Rarely a wood-louse—it's several feet short surely
40. Light-loving—but not necessarily like the solver
41. Snubbed—trodden under foot in the mud

Solution of No. 1,639

A	B	C	D
VIS	SOUCHA	Z	WASSER
INE	UOMO	MORTEMUTTER	
ORAG	VORBN	NAHS	FAUVE
LOPH	HAIUS	IGNIS	ARGENT
EAUT	RETERA	AFGLIA	
TOD	PONTEDER	RAKRAAL	
DUO	HAIRNADIR	LEAMBE	
UHR	SEVIZLE	CAMPUS	
MAL	CANEINOR	AURATI	
ALE	MORESSEN	STADIA	
AIR	ERDESTEIN	HUMMEL	

1st prize: F. Dale (Tunbridge Wells); 2nd prize: A. H. Carey (Sutton); 3rd prize: Miss E. Griffith (Liverpool, 17)

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